THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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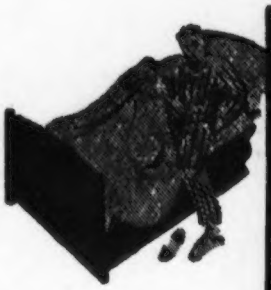

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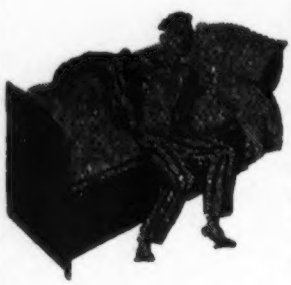

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Current Comments

SEPTEMBER, 1933

Germany and the World

IT is time for some plain speaking on the English attitude towards the German political experiment. An attempt is being made to exploit the German situation in the interests of world revolution, and to enlist on the side of the world revolutionaries the apostles of political liberty and humanitarianism. The "New Statesman," in its issue of August 19, comes out into the open. It publishes the second of two articles on the German revolutionary movement, a description which it applies not to Herr Hitler's movement, but to the Communist underground organization. This article assumes that all right thinking men are watching with sympathy the efforts of the German communists, and, in another column, Mr. Robert Dell says openly that "the new invasion" (the Nazis have been guilty, it will be observed, of the unparalleled crime of invading the government of their own country of which they form the incontestable majority), "of the barbarians must be mastered and repulsed, and it can be mastered only by force." The plan of campaign is obvious enough. Englishmen of a decent stamp, being simple and kindly people, read with detestation of the persecution of individuals, whether Jews or Christians. They dislike militarism for its own sake, and they have a feeling that the Nazi movement has, in a limited number of cases, invaded certain rights which it is the obligation of all just governments to hold sacred. Englishmen of a decent stamp are, therefore, at the moment, easy game in the revolutionary campaign, of which the focus has passed from Spain to Germany. The logic is sound enough as far as it goes, but it does not go quite far

enough for our taste. Decent Englishmen are not all fools.

A Question of Good Faith

WHAT is it we are asked to champion against the Nazi movement, and on what grounds are we asked to " master " the government of a friendly nation by force? The matter is urgent enough to call for straight speaking and we propose to indulge in it. This campaign is cynical, dishonest and dishonourable. Conservatives of all shades of opinion and of all brands of religious belief have appeared on platforms organized to influence public opinion against Nazi persecutions. It is not true unfortunately that the protests so organized have been uniformly sincere. While the campaign was at its height, the Spanish revolutionary administration passed the law sequestrating church property and closing church schools, an invasion of the rights and liberties of an overwhelming majority of that nation on the part of a government installed and maintained by force, which dares not consult the electorate by constitutional means. The rule of force in Spain continues, the blood has never ceased to flow, and no member of the liberal or socialist parties in the country has uttered a word of protest. The most eminent of the leaders of the anti-Hitler protest was approached by the London correspondent of a Spanish paper for an expression of opinion on this active, widespread and vindictive religious persecution. He replied that, as we can well believe, he was not interested. We refrained from comment at the time because we were stupid enough to suppose that this was not the general attitude in liberal and enlightened circles. The " New Statesman " has undeceived us.

The Truth about German Communism

THE movement in Germany which the " New Statesman " asks us to applaud aims at overthrowing the

present regime by a communist revolution. It is instructive to remember the pious horror with which our parlour-bolsheviks greeted the suggestion that before the Hitler coup there had been any communist menace. We were told, as usual, that the documents found were forged, that the headquarters which were raided were non-existent. Now it appears that the new movement is " in the main identical with the old inner apparatus of the communists—the only organization which has survived the establishment of the Third Reich." Few lies can have been so quickly or so completely admitted as the lie that Herr Hitler had invented the communist menace. The admission is a piece of cynicism remarkable even in post-war political journalism.

An " Explosive Revolutionary Force "

BUT the attitude of the left in this country is not only cynical in its indifference to methods but dishonest in its professions. What are the objects of the new revolutionary movement? They are now admitted to be the creation of an " explosive revolutionary force." We have seen this explosive force at work in Russia and more recently in Spain, Are we asked seriously to assume that in Germany its object is to restore parliamentary government, to preserve the freedom of religion, to ensure the continuance of religious education in the schools, to safeguard political liberties and freedom of speech and the rights of property? If that is not what we are asked to believe, when we are asked to repel the new barbarism by force, what is the meaning of these appeals to liberty and the rights of conscience? Yet if German communism (whose " organization has survived the establishment of the Third Reich ") has nevertheless turned its back on every one of its Pro-Hitlerian tenets, why are we not told? If the communist press and propaganda is now engaged not in working for a revolutionary dictatorship but to safeguard religious and political and economic freedom and the

rights of property, why are we not told? If it is really to the late Lord Oxford or Mr. Arthur Henderson that these creators of "an explosive revolutionary force" bow the knee in secret, this remarkable political revolution ought to be known.

Moscow prepares a War

THE plain fact is, of course, that the German communist revolutionaries are precisely the same as the communist revolutionaries of Russia, only they happen to be out of office. Whatever else is false about the origin of the Nazi movement, it is true without qualification that the alternative to its success was a Communist revolution, and that in present circumstances it will be overthrown only by such a revolution. What is interesting to note is that this fact is now publicly admitted by the leading left wing paper in this country, which in the excitement of the moment has not only thrown over its lip-service to such old-fashioned ideals as liberty, justice and religious freedom but has even thrown over pacifism. The revolutionaries are quite logical. There is nothing they would like better than to see a new European war, for it is their calculation, and has been for a long time, that the result would be to instal the revolutionaries in power from Vladivostock to Madrid.

The Pacifists change their tone

IT is more than a coincidence that just at this moment the left wing have dropped their urgent demands for the re-armament of Germany. Instead, they are engaged in complaining bitterly about the German military formations whose existence they were denying a few months ago. Was there ever such dishonesty? And was there ever so much reason to be thankful that the failure of the Disarmament Conference has preserved to Europe the French and Italian armies, the only guarantees of stability in a world trembling on the brink of catastrophe? In the four-power pact lies the one hope of a peaceful

future for Europe, and the one guarantee for a progressive improvement in the character of the German Dictatorship. Just as surely as world economic recovery is at the moment bound up with the success of the American experiment, so political stability in Europe is bound up with the success of the German regime, a fact which accounts for the frantic anxiety of the friends of revolution to see it overthrown, and no doubt, justifies, in their view, the dishonourable appeals which they have made to the friends of liberty, free speech and religious toleration to assist them in their campaigns.

Has Herr Hitler a programme?

WHILE it is certain that the forceful overthrow of Herr Hitler's administration would be a disaster, it must be said with equal confidence that in its present shape it inspires little confidence in its constructive abilities. Time may heal the scars left by its disorganized seizure of power, but only if it proceeds more rapidly with a genuine programme of reconstruction. True enough, the Nazi apologists tell us that such a programme is already in operation, but there are few signs of it, and, bad as German propaganda invariably is, can it be as bad as all that? What in fact is being done to restore German industry and German credit? The task, of course, will be hard. German credit has been hopelessly debauched by the wicked futility of earlier liberal administrations which borrowed and wasted, both on a fantastic scale, and left a legacy of extravagance and corruption behind them. One day the full story of that monstrous folly will be told over here. It was told two years ago in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Unfortunately the men who got the money have long since got away with it and Germany is left only with the obligations they incurred. These facts, however, make a constructive programme all the more urgent. There are, unfortunately, signs that such a programme is being held up to satisfy Junker demands,

that big business is asking the price of its support and that as the result the constructive element in the Nazi movement is losing confidence. So many lies are in circulation that it is impossible to know how far this process has gone. Only fools and knaves will wish it to continue unchecked.

Home Politicians at their Ease

HOME politics are in the Doldrums; Parliament has adjourned till the end of October and the public is left with no consolation for its bereavement but an occasional dose of optimism from Lord Rothermere or Lord Beaverbrook. Meanwhile unemployment continues and the City's judgment of the prospects of new industrial enterprises is shown in the rates of government borrowings and the rush for long-dated gilt-edged securities. Trade is definitely improving very slightly, and will within narrow limits continue to improve if conditions in Europe and America remain stable. The basic tasks of currency reflation and the development of new channels of employment are, however, still awaiting a leader with the courage to be constructive. It is futile to suppose, however, that the working-class constituencies are going to return "National" candidates at another election. If the National remedy for unemployment is a stabilized and carefully administered dole, it is obvious they will prefer the Socialist remedy which is an elastic and loosely administered dole. Nor could any sane man blame them. Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Runciman must make up their minds soon or give way to younger and more resolute leaders who have the courage of their convictions. The nation will not long tolerate a government which, in Lord Lloyd's words, is ineffectively straddled halfway between protection and free trade.

The American Presidents

STUDENTS of democracy should read, and re-read, Mr. Herbert Agar's recently published study of The American Presidents.* Mr. Agar needs no introduction to

* Eyre and Spottiswoode.

readers of his monthly notes on literature and criticism in this REVIEW, but his latest book is of the greatest political as well as literary interest. It is not often realized that the United States have provided the world with by far the longest and most complete experiment in representative democracy in history. Our own experience of the practical workings of democracy is recent, though unfortunately by no means inconclusive. British representative institutions have, until within the lifetime of men still in the prime of life, represented only a fraction of the nation: they were not fully representative of property even in late Victorian times, and for over two centuries before that they represented little but privilege. It is to the American experiment that we must turn if we wish to see democracy in practice. Mr. Agar's record is the record of this gigantic experiment, and in particular of its sordid climax. To-day the American people are engaged in a last struggle against a system which has enslaved them for more than two-thirds of a century. No student of politics will wisely neglect the chance of studying the evolution and workings of a system which so closely resembles our own.

Sport in 1933

IF 1933 has seen little solid progress towards economic recovery, it has seen the return of the Davis Cup to this country, the defeat of the Australians and West Indians at cricket, and of the United States at golf. Is this a matter of importance, or merely of interest? We are told that the forthcoming tour of the M.C.C. team in India is of first class political moment, so perhaps the press is not wrong in writing up our other successes in a vein of almost Bacchic frenzy. It is difficult to feel quite sure, however. The reiterated use of such epithets as heroic, titanic and superb, the glowing tributes which we pay so readily on these occasions to our own gallantry, chivalry and grit are impoverishing our vocabulary, and debasing the currency in which we think. There is also

a certain lack of logic. When M. Cochet beats Mr. Austin, why should we read of "Austin's heroic struggle," rather than "Cochet's heroic victory"? M. Cochet is considerably the older man, and except on the now general assumption that it takes two fit young Englishmen to beat one older foreigner there would have been nothing very remarkable had Mr. Austin won.

Wanted—A Sense of Humour

THE old story used to be—and like many old stories it used to be true—that we took our games less seriously than our opponents, and that our occasional defeats in international contests were for that reason to be discounted. But to-day that is nonsense. Our tennis players, by one shift or another, are kept at it all the year round. They are sent continually on expensive tours towards which they contribute nothing. Our cricketers do not even pretend to play season after season at their own expense. Our Ryder Cup golfers are without exception professionals. Why then this song and dance when they do well the job they are paid to do? The English crowd remains the most sporting in the world. Their attitude to body-line bowling shows that. But the press should at least try to pretend that it is not surprised to death whenever an Englishman beats a Frenchman or an American or an Australian.

India

WE draw our readers' attention to the exceptionally balanced survey of the genesis and prospects of the Government's White Paper proposals by Mr. Slocock which we print this month. One of the least creditable of the methods by which support has been canvassed for these proposals has been the suggestion that the "man on the spot" approved of them. This is definitely a lie. For many years "the men on the spot" who deplored or distrusted the Government's policy have failed to get promotion to the highest appointments.

The action of the Government of India is quite defensible. There are limits beyond which it is unreasonable to expect men to carry out successfully a policy which they distrust. The Indian Civil Servant has been turned, against his will, into a politician, and among politicians who have to work together a certain identity of view is essential. It remains highly desirable that the public should be informed of the views of representative Indian Civil Servants with adequate experience of post-war conditions. The most important point which Mr. Slocock makes is that our prestige and popularity in India will depend not on going fast but on going slow: in other words, apart from the theoretic merits or demerits of the White Paper proposals, political considerations should be decisive in favour of a very moderate and cautious advance. This is the opposite of what we are usually told, but we believe it to be true.

An Important Book on the Indian Question

MEANWHILE, every member of Parliament should read "The Key to Freedom and Security in India," by a well-known Indian professor, who writes as "An Indian Student of Political Science." This very remarkable book is published by the Oxford University Press. The writer's thesis is that self-government must start in the villages, and proceed upward, and that the object should be not to give more and more power to the political classes, but to free the rank and file of the population more and more from the control of these classes. Such a scheme would, of course, be bitterly opposed by the Indian politicians, but it would, it is argued, be popular in India, which is quite a different matter. Incidentally it would mean that we were really doing what we only pretend to be doing to-day—preparing India for self-government. To-day we are only preparing to hand over the substance of our power to a group of rival politicians who are at once irresponsible, unrepresentative and inexperienced.

Unemployment Insurance

THE Government Unemployment Insurance Bill will be the main task of the new session. We earnestly hope that it will be dealt with by the House of Commons on its merits. The main question of policy will concern the contributory principle. Are we to preserve this and make it a reality or to destroy it? At the moment the Unemployment Fund simply pays out what it collects from the employed to the unemployed, and those in regular work who have contributed to the fund for ten, fifteen or twenty years, have got not a single penny to show for their contributions. The fund is bankrupt and the rate and conditions of any future benefit are at the mercy of the whim of Parliament. One essential principle of reform should be the institution of graduated benefits proportioned to the number of contributions paid. A man or woman who has been in employment for twenty years should not be fobbed off with the same pitifully small allowance which is paid to a man who comes on the fund repeatedly and after paying in each case only a bare minimum of contributions. There are, unfortunately, reasons for thinking that the Government will adopt the contrary view and regard the scheme not as a genuine contributory insurance but as a tax on wages. If this is what it is, obviously railway and other workers at present exempt should pay like everyone else. But, in that case, the Government should be honest and drop the pretence of a "Fund" and an insurance, make all wage earners assessable to income tax and meet the cost of unemployment relief out of the enhanced proceeds of taxation.

The Injustice of present system

THERE is no parallel as is sometimes urged between a life insurance without profits and unemployment insurance. In the one case the risk must inevitably mature some day and the date of death is not under the policy-holder's control. In the other case, thousands of contributors never become unemployed, and a small

minority, again, may become unemployed wholly or partially through their own fault. For our part we should regard a decision to drop the contributory principle, to force all workers into the scheme, and to treat the premiums received merely as revenue to be disbursed during the year, as a disaster. We regard unemployment insurance on a proper basis as a social service of the most valuable kind, and we suggest that it is the first duty of Parliament to restore and strengthen its contributory character. If, however, the decision goes the other way, and the contributions payable become in fact, if not in name, merely a tax, then it is the duty of Parliament to see that the revenue so collected is properly spent. In other words, the distinction between the insured contributor qualified for benefit and those not so qualified should, in that case, be abolished. DOUGLAS JERROLD.

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SURE OF SHELL

The White Paper on India

A dispassionate study of its general features and of the events which led up to it.

By F. Slocock, C.I.E.

IN its earlier stages the agitation of Swaraj or Home Rule did not go beyond a demand for Provincial Home Rule, that is, the management of their own internal affairs by the peoples of the different provinces of British India. This limitation of the demand is easy to understand when it is remembered that India as a single homogeneous State has never existed apart from the British connection, and that apart from the loose bond created by the British Raj and by religious beliefs there has never been any community of race, of customs or of ideas between the peoples of the different parts of India. To an Indian India was an abstract geographical expression having much the same meaning for him as Europe has for the inhabitants of a European country. There is no word for Indian in any Indian vernacular.

Up to 1917, the Swaraj agitation was regarded by the Government as a seditious movement. But the birth of the doctrine of self-determination, the increasing violence of the Home Rule movement, and the participation in it of moderate politicians who had hitherto kept out of it induced a new attitude. It is understood that proposals were submitted to the Secretary of State with reports on the spread of the Home Rule agitation and the necessity of doing something to meet it. At any rate, in August, 1917, the Secretary of State was authorized by the Home Government to make an announcement in the House of Commons that the policy of the Government was " the increasing association of Indians in every branch of the administration, and the gradual development of self-governing institutions with a view to the progressive realization of responsible Government in India as an integral part of the British Empire," and this policy was to be achieved by successive stages.

Now apart from this announcement being a declaration of a new policy, it is remarkable for certain features which should be emphasized. Though it spoke of India and not of British India, it seemed to contemplate an India consisting only of British India as an integral part of the British Empire. It did not specially mention the British provinces, in connection with self-governing institutions of responsible Government, and it therefore implied the progressive realization of responsible Government in the Centre as well. It seems to have overlooked the fact that British India is not all India, and that the Central Government deals with matters which concern the Native States as much as the British Provinces. Though we are told that great trouble was taken over the wording of the announcement by the members of the Cabinet, I am afraid it must be admitted that its authors hardly realized to what it committed them, for I am sure that at that time the idea of a federation never occurred to them. Even after this announcement it is doubtful whether the most optimistic of Indian politicians expected that the inception of steps towards responsible Government would go beyond the Provincial sphere, at any rate in the earlier of the successive stages.

The result of the announcement was the Scheme formulated in the Montagu-Chelmsford Report, which provided for the introduction in the Provinces of a hermaphrodite form of Government known as Diarchy, and in the Centre for the enlargement of the Legislature, which was to be elected on a broader and more representative franchise, together with an expansion of its functions in the direction of more control over finance and more powers of interference in administration. The authors of this Scheme were convinced that this proposal did not introduce into the Centre any change of principle or any tinge of responsibility, but they overlooked the fact that the conversion of some of the negative powers of the Legislature into positive ones undoubtedly conferred on

it powers which must connote some corollary of responsibility, and put it into a position to enforce a claim to powers far beyond what they intended. And unfortunately their advisers do not seem to have been able or willing to point out the risks; while those who saw and warned them of those risks were not in a position to obtain a hearing.

Here let me state definitely that at that time Mr. Montagu did not for a moment contemplate the possibility of a Federation of British India and Native States as the ultimate destiny of India. On the contrary, he regarded the idea as absurd, being influenced very largely by his very low opinion of the administration of the States. Some of the present-day advocates of the federal idea, as outlined in the White Paper, have stated that such a federation was visualized in the Montagu-Chelmsford Report. There is no foundation for such a statement. A careful reading of the Report shows that what the Montagu-Chelmsford Report visualized was a sisterhood of British Indian Provinces converted into self-governing States, presided over by a Central Government representative of all of them. This picture provided only for British India, and though there might be room for the Native States in it, they were obviously to be outside the Sisterhood. It is inconceivable how any one, even if he is now wise after the event, can read a visualization of federation into a description which is indubitably the direct negation of federation.

The publication of the Montagu-Chelmsford Report was received with a chorus of praise for its clear statement of the conditions of the problem, for its frank exposition of the difficulties, and for its bold experiment. Diarchy in the Provinces was regarded as the most important item in the scheme, and some doubts were expressed about it. The changes in the Centre were regarded merely as a slight expansion of the Minto-Morley scheme. In due course the proposals were cast into legislative form, and were referred to a joint Select Committee. This

body made but little alteration beyond the removal of one or two more obvious absurdities, such as the Grand Committee of the Legislature for essential legislation, and the Bill was passed into law in 1919.

A Committee, known as the Subjects Committee, which afterwards toured India for the purpose of framing proposals for the allocation of subjects between the Reserved and Transferred sides of the diarchic Provincial Governments, contributed its share towards the muddle involved by diarchy, by allocating to the Transferred side, which was to be responsible to the Legislature, subjects about which electors, councillors and Ministers would be likely to know and to care but little, and by keeping to the Reserved or executive side those subjects which most intimately concerned the electors, and about which they and their representatives knew most. This allocation was obviously arrived at in deference to the views of those high officials who had accepted diarchy in the hope that the safeguards and Limitations for which they had contended would render it innocuous. Their motto evidently was, "Hands off the I.C.S.," and so they objected to allowing the Ministers to have charge of any branches of administration connected with land revenue, land tenure, or law and order, not realizing that the Ministers, as Members of the Government, would be able to influence the administration of the Reserved subjects though they would be relieved of any responsibility for them. There is an element of humour in the readiness of some of the same gentlemen at the present day to hand over to the new Provincial Ministers that control over law and order which a few years ago they would not agree to transfer even under the limitations and safeguards which then existed.

It was not long before the truth of the warnings given to Mr. Montagu was demonstrated by the new Central legislature. Within a few years a resolution demanding Dominion Status for India was moved. The movers seem to have contemplated Dominion Status

for British India only; in so far as they remembered the existence of the Native States, they seemed to think they were of no account, and could easily be coerced by British India to come in as partners or treated as subject States. This resolution met with little sympathy from the Government Members and was unsuccessful. But in reference to another demand for a change in tariff policy, the Legislature was allowed to have its way, and to pass legislation for what was described as modified protection. It was the imposition of high duties on foreign imports under this legislation which before long brought the Central Government into conflict with the Native States, especially those having a sea-board, and made it realize how difficult it was to deal with all-India affairs through a legislature representative only of British India. Perhaps some inkling of federation as a possible solution at last began to dawn on them.

Spurred on by this and by other minor successes, Indian politicians redoubled their clamour for an immediate further advance. Meanwhile, Diarchy was proving a failure in the Provinces, and in two, Bengal and the Central Provinces, it had to be suspended. It is interesting to observe that these two Provinces were presided over by Governors who had professed themselves as convinced believers in diarchy. In the course of the working of diarchy, the fears of the Mahomedans that their interests were being neglected in favour of Brahmin domination led to inter-communal jealousy, and broke out into serious disturbances. There were manifestations of ill-will against the British connection, the vacillating policy of the Government towards these manifestations left executive officers doubtful how far they could rely on support for any action they might take, and disorder became widespread. So in 1927 the British Government decided not to wait till the expiry of the first ten years period of probation of the Reform scheme, but to appoint a Commission at once under Sec. 84 of the Government of India Act.

This Commission, known as the Simon Commission, conducted its inquiries over a period of two years, during which it paid two visits to India, amid some difficulties arising from the antagonism displayed towards it by a number of India politicians. It presented its report in two parts, the second of which was published in May, 1930. It came to the conclusion, which, however, it expressed in mild and euphemistic language, that in the Provincial sphere the Diarchy introduced by the Montagu-Chelmsford Scheme was a hopeless failure, and that the only alternative to retracing steps, which would be unthinkable, was the introduction, without any of those intermediate stages on which Lord Chelmsford and Mr. Montagu had so fondly counted, of complete responsibility in the Provincial Governments. As regards the Centre, the Commission pointed out the mistake that had been made of treating British India as though it were all India, and while suggesting no immediate advance in the direction of responsibility in the Central Government, it showed that the ultimate solution, if ever responsibility in the Centre was to come, must lie in some form of federation of the Native States and British India. Such changes as were suggested in the Centre were in the direction of bringing the representatives of the States into the councils of the Central Government, with a view to facilitating the inception of a federal system when the time should come. These recommendations were admittedly of a temporary and makeshift character, and could be considered reasonable because they allowed for a breathing space, during which the rearrangement of the Provinces to accord with racial and linguistic distribution, and their constitution as semi-independent States with responsible Government, could have a fair trial, and because they proceeded on the basis that the time when the Provinces were being freed was no time to weaken the powers and the control of the Central Suzerain Government.

I have now shown how the measures adopted under

the Montagu-Chelmsford Scheme have resulted, more or less inevitably, in the proposals of the Simon Commission for the abandonment of the successive stages in the advance of the Provinces, for the immediate introduction in them of almost full responsible Government, and for the inception of steps which would lead towards a federal system. It follows that those high officials in India who gave their assent to the Montagu-Chelmsford Scheme, and those English politicians who helped to pass that scheme into law in 1919, must accept a share of the responsibility for the results which have flowed from it, and if any of such persons are now to be found among the critics of the Simon Commission or of the White Paper, they are only condemning the logical consequences of their own actions.

But the question still arises, how has it come about that the cautious, though distinctly liberal, recommendations of the Simon Commission, made three years ago, have never been acted on, and have now been replaced by the proposals of the White Paper? The answer will be found in two causes. The *discovery* of the Simon Commission seems to have struck a number of our statesmen like a thunderbolt. They saw a great light, and not content with being themselves converted, they seem to have been filled with a Pauline fervour to evangelize their new creed.

The other cause was the civil disobedience movement which was threatened at the time the Simon Report was about to appear. Congress had threatened that at its approaching annual session it would pass a resolution in favour of starting civil disobedience on January 1, 1930, unless Dominion Status was at once granted to India. The Government of India was very nervous about this threat, which, if it were put into practice, would necessitate firm and therefore distasteful action. So the Viceroy, in the hope of securing a calmer atmosphere for the reception of the Simon Report, and of staving off the threatened civil disobedience, sought the permission of the Home Government to make a gesture, in the form of an

announcement to the effect that Dominion Status for India was the goal of British policy. The then Prime Minister very rightly consulted the leaders of the opposition parties before giving permission for this announcement. Mr. Baldwin, the leader of the Conservative Party, apparently without consulting any of his colleagues, replied to the effect that he had no objection to the proposed announcement provided that Sir John Simon agreed to it! So in due course the Viceroy made his announcement, which constituted the first definite official declaration of the intention to introduce responsible government in the Centre. This announcement clearly put federation with responsibility at the centre into the picture of India's political future.

Some of the rulers of Native States were therefore sounded as to their attitude towards federation, and it was found, somewhat to the surprise of the authorities, that they were favourably disposed towards it. During the ensuing two and a half years a number of Round Table Conferences were held in London to discuss the details of proposals arising out of the Simon Commission Report and out of this announcement. These Conferences were largely infructuous, owing to the inability of the various sections of the Indian delegates to arrive at any agreement among themselves. But throughout them it was clear that the trend was towards a federation, with responsible government at the centre.

I may be excused for digressing here to observe that Lord Irwin's gesture, though it certainly did induce Congress to delay the starting of civil disobedience for a short time, was no more successful in the long run than such methods of dealing with threats of disorder ever are. The tragic results of weakness in this respect, which finally ended only when a stronger Government took charge and arrested the leaders of disturbance, are fresh in the minds of all of us. The peoples of India are really as easy to govern as any in the world, but they despise weakness. Firmness combined with justice and

impartiality they respect. While conciliation arising out of strength and a determination to carry out promises will be successful, conciliation arising out of weakness will never be of any more use than the payment of any other form of blackmail.

And so the announcement of August, 1917, has now, after a short and by no means convincing trial of the first stage in the Montagu-Chelmsford Scheme, been succeeded by a White Paper which seems to provide not only for the comparatively cautious scheme recommended by the Simon Commission, but for a wholesale and catastrophic advance straight into a responsible federal government. The intervening steps seem to have been initiated largely by people who did not fully realize whither they would lead, and they have been punctuated from time to time by declarations the true inwardness of which hardly seems to have been grasped by those who made them. Advocates of the White Paper urge the imperative necessity of implementing these declarations, but their argument can be stretched too far, and when the interests not only of this great Empire but of the non-politically-minded millions of India are concerned, the British Parliament will be justified in refusing to be stampeded by the unauthorized pledges given by well-meaning but badly informed and nervous politicians.

From the manner of exposition of its scheme, one might suppose that the Government intends to bring a federation into existence at once full-fledged, for it is not until para. 13 of the first part of the White Paper that we find a hesitating admission that "it may be convenient, or even necessary, that the new Provincial Governments should be brought into being in advance of the changes in the Centre and the entry of the States." While I can make allowances for the absence of any precedents to guide the Government in the formulation of their scheme, I am quite unable to imagine how a federation can take place when some of the units of which it is to consist are not yet even in existence. So I assume that

the proviso which is mentioned so hesitatingly is merely an understatement of an obvious fact. Reading further one finds that there are other necessary preliminaries to the establishment of federation, in the accession of at least half the Native States, and in the existence of a State Reserve Bank *successfully operating*, the latter being a condition which it will surely take some years to ensure. So it is easy to see that the authors of the White Paper cannot really contemplate such a wholesale and cataclysmic change as might otherwise be supposed. During the interval which must elapse before the White Paper emerges from the Select Committee and the proposals are put into the shape of a Bill which can come before Parliament, the necessity of consolidating the foundations before raising the superstructure will no doubt become manifest to our constitution-builders.

It is very necessary to sound a note of warning against too much haste. Too rapid advance will, whatever may be the true reason, be construed in India as due to a desire to appease the extremists. Even those Pre-War minds of which Mr. Baldwin speaks admit that the present system is unsatisfactory, and that something must be done, even if they do not accept his claim that since 1914 the world has advanced, not by a generation, but by a century, and that we are dealing with a twenty-first century India. Admittedly there has been a great advance among Indians in knowledge of affairs outside India and in interest in their own politics, but, having a considerable knowledge of India for several years after the War, I maintain that from a political point of view the peoples of India are, with a microscopic exception, centuries behind most western peoples. There is certainly no great risk in going slow, for I do not for a moment believe that a refusal by the British Parliament to carry through all the proposals as they stand will result in chaos or revolution in India, or will cause a sullen opposition to the British connection. Outside the comparatively small politically-minded classes I do not

believe that there is any real desire for a change even in the Provincial spheres and certainly not in the Central, about which the Indian people do not trouble their heads much. Among the aboriginal tribes, the inhabitants of the jungle and backwood tracts, and the depressed classes and out-castes, I am convinced that the impending change in provincial administration will be exceedingly unpopular, and though these classes may be politically unimportant, numerically they far exceed the politically-minded classes.

Besides, even among the politically-minded classes, the British connection is valued far more highly than one would gather from their speeches and writings. In fact I am sure that all except the wildest visionaries would be appalled if they thought they were likely to lose the protection of the British Raj as a result of the White Paper policy. Such a feeling is perfectly compatible with a desire to obtain control of their own domestic affairs, with which the Provincial Governments deal, and even with a desire to have a voice in the administration of all Indian affairs, and in the guidance of external relations, with which the Central Government deals, though I doubt whether this latter desire is so close to the hearts of the politicians of British India now that they realize that it involves bringing in the Native States as a counterpoise to themselves.

The desire of the people of India for the retention of the British Raj is based on self interest, and has nothing to do with loyalty (that much-abused word), or with gratitude for what the British Raj has done for them in the past. The definition of gratitude as a lively sense of favours to come is much more apposite to the conditions of India. Indians are well aware that it is only the British Raj that has created India as a unity so far as it is one, that the British Raj is the cement which keeps the Indian Empire together, without which, federation or no federation, it would be in grave danger of falling to pieces internally and would certainly be incapable of meeting

external danger. So if and when a federation such as is now contemplated comes into being, they know that it will still need the helping hand of the British connection for a period extending as far into the future as the mind of man is capable of seeing.

It is not within the scope of this article to define the limits up to which the policy of the White Paper can at present be carried or to make concrete suggestions for its practical detailed application. My aim has been to trace the genesis of that policy, to show where the responsibility for the events which led up to it lies, and to establish the general conclusion that while there is no reason to be afraid of giving a full and generous dose of the prescription of the Simon Commission, coupled with effective safeguards more especially of the interests of the aboriginal, backward and depressed classes, it is impossible at present to formulate any cut-and-dried scheme of federation or for the organization of the Central Government.

After all, when the political genius of the British has not yet succeeded, despite all their experience, in devising any federal organization for the Mother Country and her family of more or less homogeneous Dominions, nay more, when it has even failed to secure a stable union of the comparatively small units of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, surely there can be no reproach to us nor need we be afraid of provoking a crisis in India, as some advocates of the proposals prophesy, if we prefer to wait awhile before committing ourselves to a definite federal constitution for the diverse units of the Indian Empire which have neither a tradition of, nor any real experience in, self-government.

How Stands Magna Carta To-day?

(An address delivered at the annual Magna Carta celebration on Runnymede Meadow on July 2, 1933.)

By the Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery, M.P.

ON this meadow, seven hundred and eighteen years ago, our fathers established the foundations of English freedom. I need not remind you of the detailed story of the circumstances that led up to the great drama enacted on this spot; of King John's greed, oppression, and treachery; of the rising of the barons; of the wise statesmanship of Archbishop Stephen Langton that turned a revolt against particular and immediate wrongs into a demand for general and enduring justice and constitutional right. You can picture for yourselves, far better than I can describe it for you, the scene on both banks of the river and on the little island between: on the one side the crafty Angevin tyrant, furious but impotent, among his trembling foreign counsellors: on the other the embattled hosts of barons, great and small, the bishops and clerics, the mayor and citizens of London—that English nation, in fact, which unobserved had come into being in the century and a half since the Norman Conquest, and which was now for the first time to assert its power and its sagacity.

It was the power of the English people which exacted the Great Charter. But it was its sagacity that refrained from a gratuitous assertion of power, which would have weakened the sovereign authority of the realm, and accepted King John's surrender in the form of a royal grant to his obedient subjects. It was that same sagacity which based the Charter, not on any claim of abstract right, but on the definite historical rights set out more than a century earlier in the Charter of Henry I, avowedly based in its turn on the Laws of Edward the Confessor, and on the "old constitution of the realm." It is, indeed, characteristic of the temper of our people that the great landmarks in our constitutional history, from Magna Carta to the Declaration of Rights, or the Statute of

Westminster in our day, have taken the shape of a declaration of established and admitted principles rather than that of any assertion of something professedly new. We have always been concerned, in Burke's words, "to prove the pedigree of our liberties" and to prize them as "an entailed inheritance derived to us from our forefathers and to be transmitted to our posterity." At the same time we have been no less concerned to improve and enlarge that inheritance, and these professed summaries of existing and acknowledged rights have, in each case, marked the starting point of new and fruitful developments.

This was true, above all, of Magna Carta. The whole system of our freedom, as it exists to-day, throughout the British Empire and in the United States, is founded on the "Reign of Law," on the subjection of the Executive and of its Ministers and agents to the law of the land. The development of that system has taken centuries, but it is all there in essence in the famous article of Magna Carta which lays down "that no free man shall be arrested, or detained in prison or outlawed or banished or brought to ruin, nor shall we set forth against him nor send against him, save by the judgment of his peers and in accordance with the law of the land." Again, what a potent germ was the article which provided that "no scutage or aid shall be imposed save by the Common Council of the Realm"! Left out of the second edition of the Charter published by Henry III in the following year, it yet soon grew to be the issue which, after a generation of civil war, led to the establishment of Parliament, and through centuries to come provided the all-powerful lever by which Parliament steadily increased its control over the whole machinery of government. It was to this principle of "no taxation without representation" that the American colonies appealed in their struggle with the British Parliament. We all regret that ill-health has prevented the American Ambassador from being present with us to-day to affirm

the common heritage of two great nations in what was achieved on this spot.

It was no theoretical freedom that the barons at Runnymede claimed for themselves and for a whole nation, but the truer freedom which comes from the enforcement of the law on all without regard to privilege or power, from the certainty of just and speedy decisions in the Courts, from protection against arbitrary taxation. Liberty is, indeed, a meaningless thing except as a right adjustment between all the forces and elements in the national life. That adjustment must vary continuously with changing circumstances, and continuously demands fresh methods to preserve it. A century ago we reformed the franchise in order to secure the liberty of trade and industry for the mercantile and industrial middle class against the domination of a landed oligarchy. We have extended it again and again since in order to secure the liberty of the wage earner against the oppression of an unregulated capitalism. We have given woman a new position in the state in order to enlist her help against the tyranny of neglect in all those social questions that most closely touch her life and that of the home. But franchise itself is not freedom. A universal suffrage based on mere geographical constituencies may easily lead us to the most odious of class or party tyrannies. There can be no true freedom where each element, each function, in the social and economic life of the nation is not represented in some proportion to its intrinsic importance to the community, and we may well have to seek new methods of political representation to secure that essential condition.

It is not in the field of politics alone that freedom needs our eternal vigilance. There is no true liberty for the working man if his whole life and that of his family are continuously at the mercy of arbitrary economic forces wholly beyond his control and cognizance. Insurances and doles are mere makeshift mitigations of this tyranny of economic uncertainty. There can be no

true remedy until the whole structure of our economic life is so ordered as to aim at a national balance and stability rather than at the largest immediate profits or, for that matter, the highest immediate wages.

The same need for the continuous adjustment of the conditions of freedom has governed the whole course of our Imperial development in the last hundred years. The principle of responsible self-government in essentially local matters which was laid down in Lord Durham's memorable report has developed, in the case of the Dominions, to a full-grown national status which excludes all possibility of arbitrary interference by this country in the affairs of any Dominion. But the Statute of Westminster is merely a negative confirmation of this development. Unless it is followed by a positive policy of co-operation in every aspect of the life of our nations, and by the creation of the machinery by which that policy can be made effective, then the freedom attained will soon be minished if not undone by the arbitrary interference or aggression of economic or political forces from without which only organization and unity can overcome.

No harder or nobler task of adjustment has ever confronted us than that upon which we are engaged in India to-day. There was a time when none could doubt that the greatest possible measure of freedom for India lay in British law, British justice, British order, administered by Englishmen in unfettered authority. That time has passed, and educated India, at least, is chafing under what it regards to be a denial of liberties for which it believes itself fitted. We ourselves have always declared that the day must come when all that is most essential of the freedom we have brought to India will rest on the responsibility of the people of India themselves. Our immediate task is so to direct the transition from one control to the other that at no stage shall the true liberties of India, which are bound up with her good and orderly government and her security, be seriously

impaired. It will need all of the spirit of Magna Carta, its practical sense as well as its generosity, to make that task possible of achievement.

In all that I have said so far I have assumed that freedom is worth while. I have assumed that our highest aim is a national life which is something greater than any element in it, greater even than the State, and which can find room within itself for many independent manifestations of local and corporate activity, for the free expression and organization of opinion on all questions, as well as for the freedom of every individual to live his own life "by no man's leave underneath the Law." I have assumed that we are dedicated to the ideal of a free Commonwealth in which national patriotism and the wider patriotism of Empire can co-exist without any formal subordination of one to the other; in which free co-operation for defence, for trade, for the development of all that exalts and enriches human life, can take the place of a rigid constitution, and in which no attempt is made to force the infinite diversity of its peoples into a common mould.

Is that assumption justified? Can a nation or an Empire based on these principles endure? Never have those principles been challenged so seriously, so directly, as they are to-day. We see all over Europe the triumphant assertion, in various forms, of the doctrine that the State is above all; nay more, that the State itself is embodied in a single party, and that no other party or set of ideas has the right to exist. We have witnessed in Russia the deliberate extirpation of all social classes above that of the manual worker. We are witnessing in Germany to-day not only the ruthless suppression of all freedom of political organization and thought, but the merciless outlawing of a large body of her most gifted and not least patriotic citizens on the ground of an alleged taint in their blood which renders them unfit for association with their fellows. These are not the only countries where there is no longer any freedom in the

press, in the universities, or in the legislatures. In every direction the boundaries of freedom are being contracted.

What is more: the abandonment of liberty is being justified on every hand, not as a disagreeable necessity, but as the true ideal. There is a fanaticism of collective tyranny which is spreading widely, and finds its advocates even in our own midst. Nor is there any reason to believe that the advocates of the new tyranny will anywhere rest content with the conversion or oppression of their own fellow-countrymen. Intolerance is essentially aggressive. Moreover it is efficient for aggression. Whatever its ultimate effect—and I believe it to be deadening—on the vigour of a nation, its immediate consequence is a tremendous concentration of all resources in the hands of the State, and an enhancement of the emotional driving power behind it.

We cannot afford to ignore the danger to British freedom from within or from without. Against the former our answer must be to bring freedom up to date, to overhaul our political machinery, our Cabinet system, our Houses of Parliament, our methods of representation, so as to increase its efficiency as well as its stability; to reform our economic life so that it may afford better opportunity, greater security, more social justice, to all. We must see to it that those who would overthrow our system of ordered liberty, to whatever political wing they may belong, have neither justification nor opportunity. Against the danger from without freedom must still rely, in the days to come as of old, upon the strength of those who prize it. It was the armed strength of the barons, not wantonly used but ready for use, that alone won Magna Carta. It is the armed strength of the British Empire that alone can insure the freedom of its peoples. The disarmament of the free is the tyrant's opportunity, now as in the days of King John, and in a world where aggression and intolerance are preached and practised with a fanatical conviction Freedom must ever stand on her guard.

Poems

By Agnes Smith

I.—(*From the* " HYMN TO EARTH ")

FIRST SOLO

(Allegro : with flutes and oboes)

THE wind is running on the grass,
The trees break for the wind to pass,
The clouds describe its lonely way
Across the mirror of the day,
But the proud paths the wind has trod
Dissolve against the stubborn sod;
The only paths the sod will hold
Are deep and narrow, steep and cold.
The body of my love will fade
And every path his feet have made;
My own love's body, warm and bright,
Will wither in a windless night.

FOURTH CHORUS

(Adagio : with woodwinds and cymbals)

Love, we forgive the cruel hunger and the sighing.
We will forgive the livid and relentless face
That haunts the noisy highway and the desert place :
Death is a beggar shivering in his rags and crying.

II.—SOTTO VOCE

Fall down and worship if you must
The fire that informs the dust,
But build another fire to heat
Your working hands and walking feet.

Think well of thought but never think
Beyond your daily meat and drink
And wheat and apples in the bin,
Or thought will make you thirst and thin.

Beware of love, beware of thought,
Those victories too dearly bought,
One wounds the heart and one the brain—
You cannot bleed away that pain
Or sigh away that breath
Or sleep away that death.

Modern Albania: Its Development and Significance

By Richard Dawson

AS far as it is recorded, the history of Albania is little more than a number of isolated episodes. It begins with a reasonable claim to Philip and Alexander the Great; the central districts were the scene of Roman warfare; the south is strewn with Greek and Roman remains; and along the valley of the Shkumbi ran the Via Egnatia, from Dyrrachium to Salonika and Constantinople. But that is more the history of Albania than of the Albanians, and it was not until the beginning of the fifteenth century that the country was fired by a national hero, Skanderberg. Under his leadership the Turkish advance was checked, but after his death at Alessio in 1467 resistance was soon worn away, and Albania became a Turkish province, always restive but never rising to united efforts; for even if Turkish rule was shaken by Ali of Tepelene, Pasha of Janina, it was by a man playing for his own hand, not by a national leader. But from that time the idea of a liberated Albania was never lost, and the end was achieved on November 28, 1912, when the independence of Albania was declared at Valona.

The reign of Prince William of Wied, stormy and short-lived, was succeeded by the war years, when Albania was fought over by Bulgarians and Austrians, Italians and French. Then followed a period when, both geographically and politically, Albania was shaking herself into shape, and when internal dissensions made the Powers wonder if the country were fit to be independent, and sure that she was not fit to handle a loan. Finally, in 1926, the present king, after he had already been minister of the interior for a number of years, re-entered the country as a rebel, captured Tirana, and established himself as President. The anniversary of his entry

into Tirana, December 24, is a national festival, and euphemistically known as the Triumph of Legality. Three years later he became king, a metamorphosis incomprehensible to the peasants, who have only one name for a man who rules a country—*mbret*.

Albania is a poor country. In its mountain masses there is said to be practically every known mineral, but none in workable quantities. Copper around Puka, in the north, was worked by the Romans, and during the recent war, by the Austrians, when the need was great. Petrol was found in the district of Fiery in the south, and English, French, American and Italian companies made a greedy rush for concessions; but soon the Anglo-Persian Company suspended their operations, the French withdrew, the Americans never bored at all, and now only Italy remains. Turning to timber, the tale is much the same. Apart from economically inaccessible forests in the north, and that at Mamuras where a German company has a concession, the country is covered with stunted vegetation, a legacy of the goat.

The peasants, like their livestock, are hopelessly under-nourished, and in the north they are starving. On the coastal plains and along low-lying valleys they are ninety per cent. malarial, and large numbers of them tubercular or syphilitic into the bargain. And disease has left an indelible stamp of lethargy and indifference.

But if Albania owes much of her backwardness to nature, she owes still more to the Turkish domination, for not only did it draw the veil of Mahommedanism over the country, but it made sporadic attempts to suppress the language, continuous and successful efforts to dissipate any suggestion of unity, and finally succeeded in imposing a mentality and maintaining a degree of ignorance which together have been wholly disastrous. Of the total population, 1,200,000, barely four thousand can read and write. Moreover, since the Turkish administration was always loose enough to chafe and never tight enough to impose order, it contributed

directly to the rapine and brigandage which has identified Albania with the realm of the Roi des Montagnes.

If the country were living on her own, and building according to her own ideas and by her own effort, she would be of little enough consequence, but she is not. As a result her position poses a problem not only for Italy and the Balkans, but for Europe as a whole. And the problem is really three problems in one. What degree of stability has the present regime already attained? How long will the Albanian minorities in Jugo-Slavia and Greece remain silent? And what is Italy getting in return for all she is doing?

The first of these questions admits of no conclusive answer. From the age of seventeen, when he rode furiously to Valona to be present at the declaration of Albanian independence, Ahmed Zogu has played a large part in the affairs of his country, and, in fact, so intimate is his association with the rise of modern Albania, that well-informed opinion identifies the present regime with him, and cannot see beyond. Optimists remember that he is only thirty-seven, that he is courageous, active, reasonably popular, and the despair rather than the tool of Italy. They remember, too, his undoubted patriotism, that he is acquainted with every detail of every government department, that Albania has attained a high degree of internal order and been set on the road to a measure of prosperity during his rule, and they believe that progress will continue, and, if he lives long enough, result in the establishment of a regime strong enough to withstand temporary disorders arising from his death.

Pessimists point out that in origin he is only bey of Mati, a fanatical and primitive northern tribe, and that there are still many men in Albania who consider him no better than they are themselves. They remind one that when Bairam Tsuri rebelled in 1922, Zog owed his life to the intervention of the British minister, Sir Harry Eyres; that ten months later he was shot in three places by an assassin; that soon after he had to flee the country,

and was condemned to death by Fan Noli's government; that he re-entered the kingdom as a rebel, and finally that he was shot at, and his A.D.C. killed, in Vienna only eighteen months ago. All this is food for the alarmist outlook, but there are more substantial grounds for pessimism. King Zog is unmarried, and while marriage with an eastern princess would be ill-received, since Albania has turned her face west, marriage with a western princess is out of the question, because he and two-thirds of his subjects are Mahommedan. Moreover, marriage with an Albanian family would probably give rise to dangerous jealousies, though in fact the King was at one time engaged to an Albanian lady. Some critics regard this as the most serious drawback to the establishment of the present regime, but there are other sources of misgiving. It is already being said the King forgets his friends and sees only the men he fears; that the possibility of assassination has made him virtually a prisoner in his own palace, and that in consequence he no longer has first-hand knowledge of the condition of the kingdom, but relies on the reports of by no means disinterested ministers; and that the country will not tolerate indefinitely the senseless squandering of money in the capital.

If the future must be left to look after itself, it should be remembered at the same time that it may easily be complicated by the question of Albanian minorities in Yugo-Slavia and Greece. When Zog became King he took the title King of the Albanians, and although it was explained that this referred to the Albanians who had fled to Calabria in the fifteenth century and those who had emigrated to America in the nineteenth and twentieth, and from whom he could only exact a sentimental allegiance, it bore undoubted reference to the eight hundred thousand Albanians much nearer at hand. Fixing frontiers in the Balkans is much the same thing as drawing lines between the primary colours in the rainbow, for not only do Balkan peoples merge one into

the other, and complicate the situation with outlying colonies, but they cannot grasp the sanctity of international frontiers. Whatever difficulties attended the delimitation of Yugo-Slavia and Albania, the former undoubtedly did well out of it, a fact which the latter does not forget.

Although it was from Yugo-Slavia that Zog entered Albania in 1926—he and his followers were pushed through, and the frontier closed—the subsequent relations between the two countries have been by no means friendly. This is almost inevitable in view of the minority question, but it has been sharpened by the intimate agreement between Albania and Italy and the suspicion that is fostered by rumour and a positively insane amount of espionage. It is well known that Albanian criminals have from time to time evaded justice by slipping over the Yugo-Slav frontier, and there is little doubt that Yugo-Slav money filters into Albania, but it is almost impossible to justify the degree of suspicion that exists.

Let us turn from Albania's relations with Yugo-Slavia to her agreement with Italy. It was clear from the start that Albania would not emerge from the middle ages without a helping hand, and it was to Italy that the great Powers entrusted the upbringing of this young nation—a fact which must be borne in mind. With a budget of only thirty million gold francs a year, it was impossible, and without advice and technical guidance wholly out of the question, for Albania to overcome the geographical, social and psychological obstacles mentioned above. They needed communications, administrative organization, and the stern imposition of law and order. With Italy's help, and the guidance of British officers in the development of the gendarmerie, some of the greatest difficulties are being overcome. Italy granted an initial loan of fifty million gold francs at a high interest which, subject to a moratorium, has not yet been paid. That was to be spent on roads and bridges. Then came a second loan of one hundred millions, spread over ten years,

and designed to balance the budget and aid the development of public works and education.

But it is ever the case that small nations are sensitive about their independence, and Albania is no exception. In the south the Italians are hated, in the north they are just tolerated. At the end of last year the King refused to renew the Pact of Tirana which compromised him in the eyes of his people. Italy thought to bring pressure to bear by demanding the interest on the original loan, amounting to nearly eight million gold francs, and by suspending the commission administrating the second loan. Albania said she would pay the debt if necessary, but that it would involve heavy reductions in the military budget and the stoppage of certain public works—direct blows at Italian interests and influence. Albania won her point, but not before anti-Italian feeling ran high.

What is Italy getting in return for all she is doing? In the first place, a large amount of the money remains in Italy; roads, ministries, barracks and shops are being built by Italian firms, and since the materials come from Italy it is a source of considerable employment. There are Italian advisers in all the government departments, and organizers to supervise the uses to which the borrowed money is put. But there are other and greater advantages. Within certain limits the roads, which contribute tremendously to public security and the economic development of the country, are designed according to strategic principles, though it must be remembered that even a strategic road can be marched along in both directions. The air service which brings the whole country within an hour of the capital is now Italian. It was bought by the Adria Aerea Lloyd from the Lufthansa for a large sum, but an eminent Italian remarked at the time that no price could be too high for the control of Albanian air-routes.

But Italian influence is greatest in the army. The Albanian army is organized on the Italian model, dressed in the Italian manner, its instructors are Italian, and in

time of war it would not be difficult to put it under the command of Italian officers, of whom large numbers have been posted all over the country and have an intimate knowledge of its topography. The Italian Military Mission, while fulfilling its duties as such, is virtually an intelligence department. The army budget is eleven million gold francs, over one-third of the total revenue of the State; the army, from a military point of view, is as much good as a sick headache; so that if Albania could forego the luxury she would not only be able to do without the annual loan, but be a million in pocket. But that is impossible. It is in the people's blood to have an army, and it is in the Italian interest.

The international significance of Albania lies in its position relative to Yugo-Slavia and Italy. From the heel of Italy, right round to Fiume, the seaboard is Italian. That leaves a stretch of Yugo-Slavian coast from Fiume to Dulcigno, and of Albanian thence to Santin Quaranta near Corfu. When Italy withdrew from the south of Albania after the war she wished to retain Valona, but had to be satisfied with the waterless island of Saseno near by. This island is now heavily fortified, and since it is only forty-seven miles from Otranto, its importance is obvious. At present, the Adriatic is virtually an Italian lake, for Yugo-Slavia is not a naval power, and not likely to become one, but the situation would be by no means the same if the whole of the eastern seaboard were in Yugo-Slavian hands, for Italy can well remember the havoc wrought during the war when Durazzo was an Austrian naval base.

Italy derives more than added security in the Adriatic from her pact with Albania and she has a firm foothold on the other side. But the question is, for how long? Sooner or later the fundamental antagonism between the two countries will become manifest. The most pro-Italian among the Albanians only regard Italy as lending a helping hand for a few years, while at the other extreme there are a number of reasonable men who would

like to see Albania living modestly and within her means, paying less attention to three million franc boulevards and more to the development of modern agricultural methods. And Albania could live within her means if her ministers were honest and able, which they are not, and if rational principles of development commended themselves to her, which they don't. Tirana has boulevards and barracks, but no drainage; ministries and hotels, but no running water; houses built in the best Italian manner, but no drinking water, except what is brought by donkey, in petrol tins, from springs outside the town. An oriental mentality is swaggering about in Western dress, but ultimately it will be the mentality that will come into line. There is already a marked difference between the older generation and the younger.

In the meantime the public will do well to realize that insignificant as may be the domestic affairs of this little kingdom, their broader repercussions are of the utmost importance, and that behind the insubstantial pageant of disarmament human nature and national susceptibilities to affront are unchanged. Although the possibility seems remote at present, Albania may easily give rise to a grave situation in south-east Europe. The Italians have no intention of going, and the Albanians have no intention of their staying, for even if the loan places them under an obligation, it must be remembered that the Albanians are a people who will never forgive those who have lent them money, or given them advice.

A Forgotten Rebellion

The Experiences of a Naval Transport Officer

By Muriel Currey

THE writer of these letters was one of the Naval Transport Officers in Liverpool when, on the Tuesday in Easter week, 1916, he received orders to proceed to Dublin immediately with an expeditionary force. Nobody in England seemed to have any clear idea of what was happening in Ireland, except that there was " some kind of a rebellion " ; the transport staff in Liverpool was ordered to collect any ships that were handy and would float, while the War Office scraped the country for troops.

All that afternoon a motley collection poured into the Liverpool docks : gunners without guns, details hurriedly collected here and there, drafts of recruits who had never fired a rifle, they were crammed on board " anything that would float," and that night the convoy got to sea.

The censorship had closed down on Ireland, telegrams were forbidden, the post had ceased to function, and the Press were only able or allowed to print the usual misleading communiqués; however, the Naval Transport Officer was able to send his letters back in empty transports.

The writer had really the greatest admiration for the Army, but had also all the Naval officer's affectionate contempt for the landlubber who is naturally flustered and incompetent when confronted with the bewildering conditions of the sea and ships.

The first communication—dated 2 p.m., April 26, 1916—was little more than a telegram; the story of " Liberty Hall " is amplified later when he met the man who was in command of the yacht which shelled it. " The *Patriotic* sails at 2, and I am writing at 1.40. Had a lovely passage. Got a stretch on a sofa in the billiard room of the Marine Hotel at 1.30 a.m. till 8 a.m. Place full of refugees. I am shipping most of them off in the

Patriotic. There is hell about in Dublin, but a trawler with a six-pounder gun has strafed Liberty Hall and levelled it with the ground. . . . The Sinn Feiners have made the initial strategic mistake of cutting all the railways that run into Dublin, so they are in a ring fence. Major Bayley (the military transport officer) has turned up to my great joy. . . . Excuse a man who is driven fairly crazy at the moment."

The next day he wrote: " . . . Last evening there blew in here young Mussenden, R.N.R., lieutenant, and a capital chap; he had gone up in command of the naval artillery into the firing line. He had fired 87 shots into Boland's Bakery, and at the first shot the heroes, very naturally, bolted. There ain't much left of the bakery, I understand. Now the curious thing is that Mussenden tells me, all the way to Dublin the people came out and cheered the gun, saying: 'That's what we want, that's what we want,' and bringing so much food and drink for the gun's crew that it was a wonder that they were able to walk.

" Last night things were really serious in Kingstown. The crass ineptitude of the military is beyond belief. I cannot spin the entire yarn, but roughly what happened was this: A brigade and a half moved off and lost in street fighting, in which they should never have indulged unsupported by artillery, 47 officers and 270 men; that was the first day; we have lost some hundreds since, but how many I don't know. Last night Dublin was flaming to heaven; the bakery and a brewery, I believe. The situation here was that we were left with hundreds of tons of ammunition and stores, principally on the Carlisle pier, and a large quantity of horses. Only one battalion remained, of which 200 men had been sent north in a destroyer to the Skerries where an attack was anticipated. But the real joke is to come. The colonel of the battalion here had orders to move on receipt of a wire from his brigadier in Dublin—and—if he went he was leaving this place with 75 men to protect it. I am a very gallant fellow, and so I did not go to the Marine Hotel and hide

under the sofa; instead of this I went and talked to Admiral Barton in the club. He thought it was so serious that we proceeded at once to interview the colonel. A poor man torn with indecision, who rang up the Irish headquarters in Dublin to find out what to do! He asked if they would like to speak to Barton, and then they blethered: 'The admiral no doubt was anxious about the ammunition and stores and horses.' 'Not a bit of it,' replied Barton, 'what he was anxious about was the safety of the *only* avenue of communication between England and Ireland; further, that did Colonel Hull go off with all his troops how were the transports to be unloaded?' Well, they could not make up their minds so we retired to the admiral's office, where he decided that *if* Hull attempted to move, he, Barton, would order him to stop.

"Of course, we are frightfully cut off, and no telegraph save by wireless from the unfortunate *Adventure*, whose telegraphists are near death from overwork. . . .

"Forty 'Blues' from the *Adventure* have done all the work, landing 2,000 men, a couple of batteries of artillery, horses, guns, and all, and tons of ammunition out of one transport, and I have had just now to write to the General commanding the troops to come down and take his beastly bombs out of my way. The bomb is an animal with which I am not acquainted, and if a battery mule got loose among them I might perhaps arrive in Liverpool in disintegrated fractions.

"I awoke at 5 a.m. and could not sleep again, and I heard Mussenden's gun coughing away in Dublin in dull distant reports. . . ."

The next letter is also dated April 27, and was apparently written that evening, for in it he gives some of the rumours which had drifted in during the day.

"It is rather hard to collect impressions to tell you what is happening here. One thing is that *all* the Government information is lies. On Monday the Sinn Fein rose, according to programme duly advertised in their Press, seized the Castle, the Post Office, and entrenched them-

selves in Stephen's Green. In Kingstown, which should have been the real objective, there were so far as I can ascertain 21 rifles and possibly 30 fighting men. Aplin, the Captain R.N. and S.N.O. at the time, entrenched himself in his office and was prepared to chuck out of the window the bombs with which they strafe submarines—perfectly enormous things. The rebels came as far as Merrion and then halted. The reason that they did so, as far as we can ascertain, was that by the mercy of Providence, Aplin had been able to commandeer a footy little river gunboat intended for the Tigris. She was no more use than a sick headache really, *but* she had the most gigantic searchlight that ever was seen. This she played steadily through the night and the Sinn Feiners thought she was a battleship at least. Meanwhile Aplin moved armed trawlers inshore so as to command the roads leading to the harbour with their guns, and the *Adventure* (scout) stood by to strafe them with her semi-automatic 4-inch 31-pounders, that can fire easily 15 aimed shots per minute. The situation when I arrived in the *Ulster* was such that, as the brigadier said to me, we might expect to be met with a volley from Carlisle pier as we went alongside.

"The military are so beyond the LIMIT that they cannot even be described as IT—no words can do them justice. To begin with, while on passage the brigadier asked *me* what he was to do when he landed; further, he had no instructions, did not personally know his way from Kingstown to Dublin, neither had he any officer who did.

"We got in at 10.15 p.m. on Tuesday night and I was up till 1.30 a.m., when I retired to the Marine Hotel to sleep on a sofa in the billiard room. I was out again at 8.30 a.m., and about 11 a.m. the half brigade moved off on the road to Dublin, with no artillery and no machine-guns, no bombs, and with only a hundred rounds per man for their rifles. Mind you, all this is solid fact.

"Twelve hours' digging in a transport produced the machine-guns, which had been stowed *first* in the hold

of the *Patriotic* by the Liverpool stevedores. I asked the machine-gun officer of the *Division* why this was and why he had not stayed behind to see that they were the first and not the last to come out? His reply was that he had tried to do so, but imperative orders had come from the War Office that *all* staff officers were to embark at once, so he could not remain behind.

"Off went the half brigade, and now five of those gallant young officers are dead and twelve wounded *because*—it makes me cry with rage to think of it—they had no artillery with them. In the meantime the Sinn Feiners had seized and barricaded the residential quarter houses on the road to Dublin, and these fellows stormed and were shot down.

"All night did Captain Aplin, assisted by the *Adventure*, toil to fit up a six-pounder quick-firer on an old horse lorry, and this morning this proud piece of artillery started out with the brigade that left at eleven. Meanwhile I heard that the transport to convey artillery went alongside the stage at Liverpool to load artillery at midnight last night. . . .

"Being Ireland, of course, the comic touch did not fail. Certain heroes decided to blow down the Nelson monument. Accordingly they tied strings of cordite round it. This is first-hand from a man who saw them do it. Then they set fire to the cordite. There was a beautiful exhibition of fireworks, and nothing else, as cordite explodes on being detonated. . . .

"The worst feature of the situation is that Birrell has come over in a destroyer."

On April 29 the naval transport officer sent the first report of the surrender:—

"Only one line. Full of business. Under Secretary, Dublin, has just telephoned through that the Sinn Feiners in Dublin have offered unconditional surrender, which I hope to God they won't accept. They held up a cab containing a subaltern coming back from Fairey House and put their rifles inside and shot him dead. . . .

"I have heard no reliable news, yesterday or to-day,

except what came through Bayley about the surrender. To-day, as I sat at lunch, I could not *hear* the guns, but the detonations shook the big windows of the Marine Hotel. The 18-pounders must have strafed them proper. . . .

"Marines—thank God—are coming over as a guard to Kingstown. . . . Don't believe a word in the newspapers; the *Daily Mail* says two casualties to officers, whereas there were forty-seven the first day and we have lost very heavily since then, I believe—but I don't know. . . . I do twelve hours on the quay, when it ain't eighteen."

On the next day he wrote: ". . . I understand the military are now rather sore on the subject of the trawler's gun on the Sinn Feiner lorry being the only artillery in action for the first two days! . . .

"Things are quiet to-day, no more transports coming in and only one alongside. They are sending troops to Rosslare and Queenstown, I understand, and some prize cryptograms are coming through in the way of telegrams."

The quiet time was, however, only a temporary lull, for the next day, May 1, he wrote:—

"By this time Major Bayley and I are not quite sure if we are on our head or our heels. The troops continue to pour in. We have a ship now with the extraordinary name of *North Western Miller*. She has a shilling bazaar at one end, a sixpenny one at the other, likewise horses, also mules. The latter are all out, but we dip a tackle into the shilling end and out comes an armoured motor-car, a dip in the sixpenny end produced a nest of bakers' ovens, while the R.A.M. Corps has furiously raged and produced castor oil, stretchers and four-wheeled wagons from the most unexpected corners.

"The principle guiding the embarkation of the 'flying division,' ready to the last gaiter button for foreign service, has been to send gunners without guns, guns without ammunition, soldiers without rations, and generally to make of it such a merry mix up that I don't suppose that it can be sorted out in this sublunary sphere.

"I have made one law of the Medes and Persians, which is on a circular railed-in enclosure at the end of the pier—nothing is to stop for one moment. It has to be kept clear or we should never get through with the work. Also, I allow no one to smoke on the pier, and am gradually waking up C.O.s to the fact that they and their officers are not merely an ornament, complementary to their regiments and batteries.

"Yesterday 2,000 infantry roosted on my sacred ground while I was away at breakfast. Down I came and out they went, to be followed by a brigade of artillery who demanded to be told *where* they were to put their guns and horses; to be told politely that they had only got on to get off. Then this afternoon I turned my back for a moment and a hundred or so horses had started to be tied up to railings in the holy ground. *They* went out of it a good deal quicker than they came in. And all the time I am walking back to the Carlisle pier and explaining that it is not the place for four-wheeled wagons and 18-pounder and howitzer ammunition. No sooner had I done that than I came back to the Victoria wharf where my enclosure is, when on came a regular military tournament ride of four enormous wagons. They were asked what the hell they wanted, and a frightened Tommy said that he had been told to look for Lieut. Someone, whom he did not know by sight. So out they went, just as Bayley came up laughing and asking me if I had had the course pegged out for them. Around me is the perpetual wail: 'But where am I to go, sir?' and the answer is always the same: 'Anywhere on the wide earth except where you are.' Sometimes I really strafe them, and then things happen with surprising rapidity."

He wrote on May 2:—

"Dublin has surrendered unconditionally—all out—and General Maxwell has issued an order to the troops thanking them for the gallantry they displayed, a tribute, so far as I can understand, most thoroughly deserved. The surrender, so I heard, was conducted by the Countess Markievitch—née Gore-Booth. . . .

"Last night I saw the R.N.R. Commander of the *Helga* yacht. He was most interesting and had had the time of his life. He got his yacht far enough up the Liffey to command Liberty Hall—you remember that it stood just above the Custom House beyond the road that is the continuation of the Iron Bridge. He could not *quite* get the door owing to a pier of the overhead railway bridge being in the way. However, at a range of three hundred yards—Ye Gods, think of it!—he got in a shot from his twelve-pounder just to the left. Result, the first floor collapsed on the spot. He then shifted deflection to the left and began systematically to shell it *up*; then he shifted deflection further to the left and shelled it down. Result, dust and ashes.

"Sackville Street from Nelson's Monument to O'Connell Bridge, the Imperial Hotel side, is levelled with the ground. Having strafed Liberty Hall, the Commander then went up on the roof of the North-Western Hotel and located the roof of a brewery where snipers abode. He found that he could hit the roof over the adjoining buildings, and let go. He said that he then had the surprise of his life, as Niagara was a feeble scholar to what happened next. It appears that the roof was one gigantic tank and this flew to bits when it was hit; the Sinn Feiners inside must have got pretty wet. . . .

"At present, except for a ship at the Carlisle pier discharging provisions and forage for the military, I have no transports at all. . . .

"It seems odd not to be on my feet all day strafing the military. This morning the R.A.M. Corps gave a great military display on my sacred enclosure and marched off with horse, foot and dragoons with great pomp and circumstance. Then Bayley and I visited the Town Commandant and told him to sweep up before we got typhoid; put in a word with the ordnance man about his mark 7 and 203 and 18-pounder high-explosive ammunition on Carlisle pier, cast a friendly eye over the provision ship, sent to tell a transport to be off to Liverpool, and then rested on our laurels."

Writing on the morning of May 4, he said :—

" . . . Don't you worry about me, I have had a week of hard work that was good for me and have really enjoyed myself. There was no one to interfere after the first day, so Bayley and I bossed the show to our mutual satisfaction. Low be it spoken, but we have done rather a fine performance, and with the exception of one poor chap who fell down a hatchway and cut his head, we have landed a division and three brigades of artillery without a check or an accident, in one of the unhandiest places in the world, with no staff save our noble selves. . . ."

The next letter, written on the evening of the same day, gives his first impressions of Dublin, whither he had gone in a car that " Roden, the R.N.R. Lieut.-Commander, had hidden from the military so that *we* might have it. . . . We drove all round the quays, and young Roca " (the owner of the car, who had been in Dublin during the fighting), " showed me the different houses that had been held. Also we met an armoured car, a boiler with holes cut in it and mounted on a Guinness lorry.

" Then I went down and met Webb, the harbour master, at North Wall, who gave me a great welcome. He was most amusing; said the North Wall was as safe as houses, as the Sinn Feiners and the troops—none of whom had ever fired a shot in their lives—were having a great time. The distance was about 400 yards, and these heroes had their sights up for 1,000 yards, and so had the Sinn Feiners. So not much damage was done, save to the chimney pots. . . .

" Of course, ridiculous things were bound to happen. The second boss of the R.I.C. came in in a motor in uniform. The Sinn Feiners fired about 10,000 rounds at him, but did not hit him. Then the troops caught sight of him and made sure he was a Sinn Fein General, so *they* loosed off another 10,000 rounds, but devil a one of them touched him; he must bear a charmed life."

The next day, May 5, he declared that he had no news.

"Our weather has changed with a vengeance. It is bitterly cold with a biting north wind, and raining in torrents. Roden tells me that we could not have got our transports alongside had we had this for the disembarkation, so we have, indeed, been fortunate."

On May 6, he was able to send the official figures of the troops disembarked :—

"I think you will like to see these figures. They are the totals of what we landed. Officers 575, men 14,002, guns 39, horses 2,984, wagons (four-wheeled) 205, wagons limbered 521 (i.e. wagons in two parts, each part a separate hoist out of the hold), bicycles 400, besides two ship loads of hay and oats, one ship load of provisions, and an enormous quantity of ammunition, crates of bicycles, field battery and medical stores." It should be remembered that all this work was done practically single-handed.

The Naval Transport Officer was now ordered down to Rosslare, to embark some troops who were being sent back to England, and his final experience of the Irish rebellion was one which probably could not have happened in any other country. On his last day at Rosslare he wrote :—

"I am the recipient of two mail bags addressed to me officially. These, of course, I opened. One contained the washing of the second steward of the *Connaught*, the second a consignment of thick drawers for the third cook of the same vessel. These bags I humbly convoyed down to the pier myself, there is no one else to do it, and I have the satisfaction of thinking that I am of some use in this sublunary sphere."

The Irish rebellion of 1916 was at an end. The Naval Transport Officer was officially thanked by the Admiralty for his services, and was mentioned in despatches. He was the last casualty. However light he made of it at the time, he never recovered from the strain of those days, and he died on duty at the end of the same year.

Izaak Walton

By John C. Moore

(Author of "English Comedy," "Dear Lovers," "Dixon's Cubs," etc.)

YOU can go a-Maying in English literature and find there many a sweet spring morning—there is one in *The Prologue*, full of elvish laughter, there are some in Shakespeare's songs, there are dancing daffodils in Michael Drayton, there are hawthorn sprigs in Herrick; but when you come to *The Compleat Angler* your search will be ended, for there is a book that is the whole spring. It has the very air and spirit of those cowslip days, it possesses all the showers and the shadows and the sunshine of May. It goes into your pocket whole, unscissored, unabridged; and in your pocket you have all England and all the spring.

Andrew Lang said charmingly that it was "a book to be marked with flowers, marsh-marigolds and fritillaries, and petals of the yellow iris," and I do not doubt that its pages have frequently held such pleasant hostages to memory. Apart from the virtues of its good, sound Elizabethan prose, its kindliness, its spring-morning beauty, it has a certain limited practicality as well; and therefore it has probably been read as often by the waterside as in the study. Doubtless it has been used many times for the purpose of storing flies and gut-casts, has fallen into the water and been rescued with the landing-net, has shared the fishing-basket with a brace of trout or chub. These adventures make it unique as a book, just as angling, which is "somewhat like poetry" is unique as a sport. Hunting, if we except the erudition of Peter Beckford and the sweet wistfulness of Sassoon's *Foxhunting Man*, has always been associated with a sort of hearty unliterariness; shooting has produced nothing very memorable either in poetry or prose. It is left to angling, the queerest sport that man ever devised, to flirt with the things of the mind and to give birth, astonishingly, to this delicious piece of riverside literature, in which the very mayflies come alive and go dancing over

the eddies, in which there are English flowers and meadows, there are cowslips, there is May.

Yet all anglers are not so sensitive. The only contemporary criticism of Walton's book which we may still read is contained in a book written by Richard Franck, himself a fisherman. This Franck was a trooper of Cromwell, a Northerner, a dull pedantic fellow, and probably a sour one; for who could ride with men who possessed such names as Praisegod Barebones and still keep his sense of humour? At any rate, Franck had nothing but contempt for *The Compleat Angler*. He called it an " indigested octavo," pitied Walton for his credulity, accused him of plagiarism, and hinted that he knew very little about angling.

Now the temper of Cromwell's men was so dismal—or the historians have made it appear so—that it would really be surprising if one of them saw any beauty in anything; they preferred to cast their eyes downwards, looking cheerlessly for hellfire. And perhaps this was the reason why Franck failed to notice the sunshine in Walton's book and saw only the inaccuracy and the superstition. Also, we must remember that Walton was on the side of the King. If Franck was not prejudiced at least he had good cause to be so. On the one occasion when these two met, at Stafford, and Walton " huffed away " because Franck teased him about his ridiculous pet theory, that pikes were bred out of pickerel-weed, there was possibly another and a stronger reason for disagreement, if Walton happened to mention King Charles.

Nevertheless—though this is heresy—I am inclined to believe that Walton was not a very expert fisherman after all. Franck was; he caught salmon and trout in the Esk, and in the swift dangerous northern streams. Old Izaak's methods were antiquated even for those times; he had probably never used a reel, he knew nothing at all about salmon, he had probably never wielded a fly-rod, and he stole his list of flies from his mysterious

predecessor, Dame Juliana Berners, who wrote the *Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle*. But what must have shocked Franck most of all was Walton's concern with the small fry, the trivial side-lines of fishing. Like an urchin with a bent pin, he was content to spend long afternoons fishing for little dace and gudgeon. To Franck he must have seemed an amateur indeed! Never to have felt the first thrilling terrible rush of a salmon in a swift river! Never to have raced downstream praying that the line might hold while a clean-run fish leaped again and again at the end of it! And yet boldly to assert that gudgeons and bleaks and daddy-ruffs were "excellent fish," and to be content to angle for them! No wonder Franck was contemptuous. It is very hard, when you have once fished for salmon, to believe that anything else is worth fishing for; you have to be something of a poet, or a whimsical fellow like Hugh Sheringham. I, who am neither, have been guilty these last two years of making a solemn vow, in the train between Perth and Crewe, that never again would I wet a line except in the cause of salmon or trout; and if you call me a snob I must remind you that even kindly Andrew Lang remarked that "a bait-fisher *may* be a good man, as Izaak was, but it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle."

Franck probably held the same opinion. Remember also that he was a Parliament man, unlikely to be well-disposed towards a Royalist; that he was a practical-minded person, whereas Izaak was highly superstitious; and finally that he did not understand that angling was "somewhat like poetry"—and, making these allowances, perhaps we can excuse him for being unmoved by Izaak's May morning, perhaps we can even forgive his unkind words about the "indigested octavo."

It is rather strange that so quiet a harvest as *The Compleat Angler* should have come out of such unquiet times. While Izaak was planning and writing his book

England was at civil war. On more than one of his fishing days Izaak must have heard the clatter of hoofs on the bridge and left his float unwatched while he cheered the plumed cavaliers or frowned at those other soldiers, the queer, sour fellows who sang hymns and fought for Parliament. But the hymn-singers won, and Charles, condemned a murderer and a traitor, lost his head and gained his martyrdom.

Four years later, when Cromwell was unmaking one Parliament and making another, a Parliament of Saints with weird names, Izaak's undistinguished-looking eighteenpenny octavo first saw light in a troubled world. Within the next twelve years, which witnessed the Restoration, the Plague, the Fire, and the Dutch raid on the Medway, it ran through five editions; so even in those stirring times the mayfly did not forget to come out, and "anglers, honest men" still had leisure to concern themselves with it. Izaak himself must have seen many strange events, but he had not the inquisitiveness of Pepys, and he preferred fishing to sightseeing. Perhaps, however, on the famous night when the King came to his own again he forgot his fishing and his scholarship for a few hours and, casting aside his piety, took part in the most magnificent debauch in England's history. Andrew Lang, whom I must quote for a third time, remarks pleasantly: "If Izaak were so eccentric as to go to bed sober on that glorious twenty-ninth of May, I greatly misjudge him." I echo that kindly sentiment, and add the guess that his roystering young friend, Charles Cotton, called for him and took him out mafficking, and brought him home very drunk indeed. Next day the mayfly would be up, and they could cool their heads at the riverside!

Izaak was in London during the Plague year, and he may also have seen the Fire; but he did not write any account of these things and went quietly on with his work, collaborating with Cotton in the revised *Compleat Angler* and finishing his *Lives*. If he had been a diarist

like Pepys, a student of the ways of men instead of the ways of fish, he would have been a profitable source to the historians; for he lived during five reigns: Elizabeth, James I, Charles I, the Commonwealth, and Charles II. He was born at Stafford in 1593 and he died in December 1683 at the very remarkable age—for his time—of ninety. He lived for the most part in London, and practised the trade of an ironmonger. In spirit, however, he was no small tradesman; he should really have been a cleric. He had a simple faith, unshaken by the speculations of his age, and in a country parsonage (with a mile of river as part of the glebe!) he would have been as happy as the day was long. His simplicity in religious matters was altogether delightful, and somewhat surprising in the age of such men as Donne. Writing of Dr. Nowel, another Dean of St. Paul's, he expresses his own faith perfectly. "And the good old man, though he was very learned, yet knowing that God leads us not to Heaven by many, nor by hard questions, made that good, plain, unperplexed catechism which is printed with our good old Service-book." Mark that "*though he was very learned.*" He always kept his respect for scholarship, but said in effect: "I am a poor simple man, and I do not understand intricate things; you are wise and you may speculate as much as you like so long as you leave me a plain, simple faith which is within my understanding." Izaak's ignorance was the sort of ignorance which is very, very wise. The soap-box orators of to-day would do well to imitate it.

It is characteristic of Izaak's religious simplicity that he takes great pains to seek commendation of his favourite sport in the Scriptures. He zealously hunts through the Bible for fish-hooks, and is almost pathetically pleased when he finds them. "Let me tell you," he declares, "that in the Scripture, angling is always taken in the best sense." Then he gives a long list of divines who have found their pleasure in angling. "Let me add this more," he writes contentedly. "He that views the

ancient ecclesiastical canons, shall find hunting to be forbidden to clergymen, as being a turbulent, toilsome, perplexing recreation; and shall find angling allowed to clergymen, as being a harmless recreation, a recreation that invites them to contemplation and quietness."

To find this authority must have pleased him greatly. He hated perplexing things, and he delighted in the company of the clergy. Circumstances prevented him from taking orders himself, but he did the best he could by marrying episcopally. His wife, Rachel Floud, was a descendant of Cranmer, and a friend of the family of Hooker. Already Izaak could claim for friends such famous divines as John Donne, Dr. King, Hales of Eton, and Sir Henry Wotton. In such ecclesiastical company he was always happy; and very good company it must have been. Wotton was himself an angler, and, what was more, a fly-fisher; though it is not recorded that he ever converted Izaak from his wretched floats and worms to the more honourable pastime. Wotton, and Donne, too, had the pleasant hobby of telling ghost stories, which they shared with Izaak. One can imagine that the Dean of St. Paul's, in his grim later days, was very good at making his hearers' flesh creep! He and Izaak had something else in common which may have had a lot to do with their close friendship. They shared, not only a present piety, but an extremely impious past. Donne's young days and nights had been full of fair ladies; and even quiet old Izaak, we are told, had been "a very sweet poet in his youth, and more than all in matters of love."* Both preacher and angler had reformed; they had given up their love lyrics with the ladies who had inspired them, and while Donne preached thunderous sermons, Izaak concerned himself with country delights. Nevertheless, the reformed rake rarely loses a queer lurking pride in his previous rakishness, and perhaps these two pious old gentlemen occasionally forgot their piety as they sat before the fire on a winter's night, and

* In a lost MS. mentioned by Sir Harris Nicolas.

unbent slightly as the hour grew late. "In my young days, you know. . . ." Izaak would say, smiling slightly at the memory. "In mine . . ." Donne would echo. Then Izaak—who must have known the poem by heart—would quote impishly from the early, and most unclerical works of the divine:—

"I scarce believe my love to be so pure
As I had thought it was. . . ."

And Donne would shake his head, and look slightly uncomfortable, and reprove Izaak's mischief with a piece of scholarship. "*Amare et sapere vix deo conceditur.*" Then Izaak, awed by the Latin, would change the subject, and tell a ghost story.

Charles Cotton was a later friend of Izaak's. He knew Lovelace and Suckling, wrote excellent verses, drank heavily, and got himself into debt. But he was a fisherman and a Royalist, and that was enough for Izaak. His treatise on fly-fishing was added to the new edition of *The Compleat Angler*, and his initials were joined with Izaak's in the fishing-house which they built on the Dove. This was in 1676. Strange times, when England was still a little lightheaded. Izaak must have been sadly puzzled by some of the tales which reached him of the goings-on at Court. Sir Charles Sedley, Lord Buckhurst, and one Sir Thomas Ogle had disgraced themselves, at a time when disgrace was difficult to achieve, by standing stark naked on a balcony and preaching mock sermons to the crowd. Izaak, disapproving of "Scripture jests and lascivious jests," would surely have been shocked at this. Rochester and Etheredge, meanwhile, were piling excess upon excess in a desperate effort to disprove that the last extremity of vice was merely boredom. Charles himself was busy with Moll Davis and already, perhaps, had his eye on Nell Gwynne, who was playing at the King's House. If Izaak saw her there he must have fallen in love with her, for she had the freshness of his own prose. Among the

tired pleasure-seekers of the Restoration she must have seemed very gay and simple, an English primrose among hot-house flowers.

But these were not really Izaak's times. Dryden was writing wicked, witty verse. England was ready for Pope. Izaak was in spirit an Elizabethan, and he had more in common with Michael Drayton, an earlier friend, than with Cotton's queer crew. The young bucks must have sorely tried his charity. In his book he had written: "I do seriously approve of that saying of yours, that you had rather be a civil, well-governed, well-grounded, temperate poor angler than a drunken lord; *but I hope there is none such.*" It would be a pious hope in Restoration times! There were precious few lords who were ever sober. Their best excuse is that they seem to have been wittiest when they were drunk, and that now and then they wrote good verses; but somehow they had lost the "spring-morning feeling," if I may so express it, which Walton and the Elizabethans had. They had ceased to feel that the world was wide. They had lost the spirit of setting forth on an adventure. Perhaps they had had too much adventure. Their parties had gone on too long.

There is a tale told* of a dance given by Charles to the Prince of Neuberg in St. James's Park, which went on all night and into the dawn, and finished as a fishing-party on the landing-stage at Hampton Court. Charles was a keen fisherman, though a very unskilful one. All he caught was a minnow, and he became bored and sauntered away. Nell saw the chance of the sort of joke she loved. When the King returned he noticed that his rod was bending bravely. "Look, Charles, look!" cried Nell, "at last you really have a catch!" Charles drew in his line and landed—a handful of dried smelts! "What is there strange in that?" asked Nell. "Subjects should catch their fish alive, but a King should find his ready cooked!"

I wonder if Izaak would have appreciated the jest.

* Clifford Bax: *Pretty Witty Nell.*

Perhaps it was not quite in his manner. He liked to sleep well o'nights and to be fresh when he went down to the river in the morning. But he was above all a kindly man, and for all his piety he was never censorious. Nell could not have failed to captivate him; and for my part I hope that he laughed a little if he were told of the strange fishing that happened that day at Hampton Court.

This incident—perhaps apocryphal—occurred in 1672. *The Compleat Angler* was still selling, for a new edition was published four years later; but that was the last until 1750, when Johnson suggested to Moses Browne that he should bring it out " with improvements."

The gap is a big one. England had forgotten country delights, and was not to rediscover them till near the time of Wordsworth. It is difficult to believe that there were no " anglers, honest men " who went down to the river in those years; but there must have been few, or surely Izaak's little book would not have remained out of print for so long.

As for Izaak himself, he lived for seventeen years after his revised edition was published. In 1683 he wrote his Will, in the ninetieth year of his age and in perfect memory, " for which praised be God." Even at the last his kindliness did not desert him; for though he professed the Anglican faith he stoutly affirmed his " very long and very trew friendship for some of the Roman Church." He was no bigot! He declared that his estate had been acquired " neither by falsehood or flattery or the extreme crewelty of the law." He bequeathed gifts to the poor of Stafford, a ring to the Bishop of Winchester, and ten pounds to his " old friend, Mr. Robert Marriott," who had published the first editions of *The Compleat Angler*.

We have always thought that he was a kindly man, and an exceptionally patient one, but his Will gives us the final proof. He died in peace with his publisher, and even left him some money.

Quarante Ans Après

By E. S. P. Haynes

IN January 1893 appeared a book entitled "National Life and Character," by Dr. Charles Pearson, and in 1894 another book entitled "Social Evolution," by Benjamin Kidd. Pearson had been educated at Rugby and Exeter College, Oxford, and later became a Fellow of Oriel. Owing to lung trouble he had to leave England in middle age and became Minister of Education in Victoria. Kidd was an Inland Revenue official, whose efforts to impose what Huxley called "a Kidd glove on the iron hand of Nature" roused the enthusiasm of certain Anglican politicians, who pensioned him off so that he could multiply volumes of flatulent but pious optimism about the future of humanity.

Pearson was a complete contrast to Kidd. He was a consummate scholar, an accomplished historian, and lecturer, but also an indefatigable traveller and a man of the world. In his Australian exile he saw much of State Socialism and realized how great a part it would play in the history of England; he also prophesied the probable predominance of the yellow races as character and individuality were sapped by State interference in English-speaking and European nations. "We were struggling among ourselves," he writes, "for supremacy in a world which we thought of as destined to belong to the Aryan races and to the Christian faith; to the letters and arts and charm of social manners which we have inherited from the best times of the past. We shall wake to find ourselves elbowed and hustled and perhaps even thrust aside by peoples whom we looked down upon as servile and thought of as bound always to minister to our needs." Or again, "If the Indians do not supersede men of European descent, negroes or Chinamen will."

This process might take one hundred or even two hundred years to arrive; but meanwhile what would happen to Europe? Pearson's prophecies on this point have a distinct flavour of Cassandra. Most writers

prophesy what they want to see happen; but although Pearson was obviously depressed by his views of the future, he did not shrink from expressing them. On this point he writes as follows:—"If we assume, then, that there is a limited power of forecasting the general trend of human progress, it does not follow that this power can be of any real use in influencing events. The English coal-measures will be exhausted, whether we foresee it or not, and no generation will stay its hand from using them in order to cheapen fires for the next. Great cities will continue to grow, if population goes on increasing, though all the statesmanship in the world would be in favour of spreading population. Whether a skiff borne along the rapids of the St. Lawrence is wisely or badly steered makes the difference of life or death to its occupants, but does not affect its destination. It must descend the stream."

Generally speaking, he forecasts a system under which the institution of the family and individual enterprise will decay owing to increasing State interference. "We may imagine the State *crêche*, and the State doctor, and the State school, supplemented, it may be, by State meals, and the child, already drilled by the State, passing out from school into the State workshop." The same tendency may be intensified by feminism and increasing facilities for divorce.

On the other hand, he sees no reason why the State, while increasing direct taxation, may not take refuge in repudiation. "When a State undertakes enterprises beyond its strength, it always does it at the risk of bankruptcy, whatever its good intentions may be. The question is, whether the tendency to State Socialism may not be a tendency also to the running up of large debts. Two consequences seem to follow inevitably upon repudiation of any kind. The one is that the private as well as the public standard of honour will be lowered. Individuals do not as a rule profess to be more moral than the government and the law, especially in countries

where the State is highly organized. The other is that the class ruined by repudiation is likely to be that class which is essentially conservative of tradition, of refinement, of all the passive elements of character."

He foresees the predominance of town life over country life so that the peasant will be entirely subordinated to the city dweller. The Church will also be subject to the State. Moreover democracy will supersede aristocracy and journalism will supersede literature. The effect of democracy on politics is already unpleasantly evident. Under the old *régime* an English Cabinet Minister worked with a certain confidence that he would be supported by public opinion, whereas to-day he seems to have no confidence in himself or anyone else.

It is true that modern Ministers have more demands made on their nerves. It is reported that one day, when Palmerston rode on a horse to Paddington Station in order to visit the Queen at Windsor, he found that there was no train so he continued to ride on his horse to Waterloo. This implies a certain leisure which was no doubt beneficial; but it is difficult to see how it can be restored nowadays or how any politician can be expected to ignore newspapers, as certainly happened in the good old days.

The same distrust of the future comes out very strongly in Fitzjames Stephen's "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," which was published in 1873, the year in which John Stuart Mill died. It contained a violent attack on John Stuart Mill and on the Liberal writers of that date, and it must be admitted that even twenty years before Pearson's book appeared he foresaw many of the troubles with which we have to deal to-day.

Accurate as Pearson's prophecy was on many points, he was curiously unfortunate on the subject of war. "At present war is the only great source of ruin that seems likely to be permanent, and even wars are less frequent and shorter and more humane and lead to less violent change where conquest is absolute. Of political

convulsions like the French Revolution we may probably say that they also are likely to be mitigated by the ghastly recollection of the ruin they cause, and by the remedy for social unrest which the spread of Liberal institutions offers."

For the same reason he does not reckon with the possibility of a violent Dictator like Hitler upsetting the whole intellectual equilibrium of society. "On the other hand, it seems reasonable to assume that religion will gradually pass into a recognition of ethical precepts and a graceful habit of morality; that the mind will occupy itself less and less with works of genius, and more and more with trivial results and ephemeral discussions; that husband and wife, parents and children, will come to mean less to one another; and that romantic feeling will die out in consequence; that the old will increase upon the young; that two great incentives to effort, the desire to use power for noble ends and the desire to be highly esteemed, will come to promise less to capable men as the field of human energy is crowded; and generally that the world will be left without deep convictions or enthusiasm, without the regenerating influence of the ardour for political reform and the fervour of pious faith which have quickened men for centuries past as nothing else has quickened them, with a passion purifying the soul."

This is not because he exaggerates the intellectual activity of posterity, but rather because he thinks that the intellectual life of posterity will be as emasculate as its morality. "Posterity will shrink from violence, not because it is a transgression of order, but because it is noisy and coarse, and having outlived strong passions, and the energy by which will translates itself into act, we shall plume ourselves on having abolished vice. Our intellectual discipline will be derived from the year-book and the review, and our intellectual pleasure from the French novel. Yet there seems no reason why men of this kind should not perpetuate the race, increasing

and multiplying, till every rood of earth maintains its man, and the savour of vacant lives will go up to God from every home."

The verification of Pearson's predictions may be conveniently found in the late Mr. Cohen-Portheim's book, "The Discovery of Europe." There we find described the general *débâcle* not only of creeds, but also of most of the social assumptions which had done duty for the world since the Reformation, while the intellectual tendency to materialism has been reinforced in every possible way by the industrialization of human life. I use the word "materialism" not to mean any philosophic theory of the Universe, but the social attitude to any sort of beauty or culture, and also to the moral issues which meant so much more to Pearson, for there was a considerable element of Puritanism in his character and outlook. But whereas Pearson prophesied the gradual ruin of society by these factors, Cohen-Portheim, on the other hand, attributes to them the influences which led up to the Great War. The old ideals of Europe had been quality instead of quantity, and diversity instead of uniformity, resulting in the compromise of tolerance. The new system resulted in State-worship, mass-worship, quantity-worship, standardization, and suppression of private property and personal freedom. Even more pessimistic than Pearson, Cohen-Portheim argues that all these tendencies produced the war and that they have become worse since the war, being to-day embodied in Bolshevism, Fascism, Economic Nationalism, and Americanism.

Moreover, the war has enormously weakened Europe in relation to the Far East as well as in relation to America. The saving qualities of European civilization are moribund, and there seems but little chance of their coming to life again. To that extent Pearson's prophecies are likely to be accelerated in a way that he did not anticipate. However, considering that the unexpected nearly always happens, it is remarkable that Pearson should have been

so accurate, and in this connexion it may be useful to remember his observation that politicians do not, as a rule, see so far ahead as the philosopher in his library.

Cohen-Portheim, whose premature death is to be deplored, ended his book on a note of hope; he thought that Europe might recover the fundamental ideas of European history just as Erasmus hoped for the triumph of Humanism in spite of Luther and other Hitlerite figures of his time. Pearson, however, ends in a very different strain. "It is now more than probable that our science, our civilization, our great and real advance in the practice of government are only bringing us nearer to the day when the lower races will predominate in the world, when the higher races will lose their noblest elements, when we shall ask nothing from the day but to live, nor from the future but that we may not deteriorate. Even so, there will still remain to us ourselves. Simply to do our work in life, and to abide the issue, if we stand erect before the eternal calm as cheerfully as our fathers faced the eternal unrest, may be nobler training for our souls than the faith in progress."

When we remember the buoyant optimism of the nineties culminating in the 1897 Jubilee delirium and the allusion to "lesser breeds without the law" in Kipling's "Recessional," we may well marvel at the prophetic quality of Pearson's book in 1893.

A Countryman's Diary

By A. G. Street

July 13th.

A WELCOME break in the weather the last few days. To-day it has rained steadily since early morning. I do not think it has been heavy enough to knock down much corn, so it will have done a lot of good. Harvest is practically here, and most of the corn is too ripe to go down badly.

July 16th.

The recent rains have brought on the sugar beet and the late hay. I do not remember a season when sufficient rain has been intermingled with a fine summer so satisfactorily from a farmer's point of view. I have one pasture which was fed until June 1st, and to-day it is a dense mass of wild white clover at the bottom. I have no corn harvest this year, but in a week or so I shall have to decide whether to make some late hay or some silage.

July 17th.

The hot weather has returned with a vengeance. I had occasion to drive to Bristol to-day, and on the road I saw several pieces of winter oats in aisle, and one piece of wheat cut round ready for the binders. To one who has a tidy eye cutting round a field of corn in this manner is a very nice thing to do, but from a fairly varied experience of harvesting in all sorts of seasons I have come to the conclusion that it does not pay. Not only is it an expensive amusement, but it wastes, I think, far more corn than to drive straight through the standing crop with a team of horses and a binder or even with a tractor, and later on to cut back the reverse way. If this last is done carefully very little corn will be missed, whereas the scythe and subsequent hand tying leaves a lot on the ground.

July 22nd.

Harvest is in full swing all around me, and this year I am out of it. I feel like a non-combatant. Some people would, I daresay, describe me as a conscientious objector, but I do not plead guilty. I want to see quite as much corn grown in this county as is being grown this year, and moreover more corn to the acre. This can only happen if our grain crop is grown as a complement to a prosperous animal husbandry. In my journeys about the country this summer I have seen much good corn, but also I have seen far too many fields which would not show a profit to the grower even if the price were trebled. I would bet money that in the majority of these cases the underlying cause for the poor crop is the understocking of the farm with livestock of all kinds.

July 23rd.

What a firm hold the glory of the corn harvest has on all our minds, no matter whether we be townsmen or countrymen. The townsman never asks his farmer friends how the cows are milking or how the hens are laying, but he shows great concern over the corn harvest. The farmer, even if his corn harvest is but a small proportion of his business, obtains more joy and satisfaction out of it than from the other major and more prosaic branches of his farming. And I, who am this year a farmer without a harvest, am just the same. I go poking around the country looking at other people's harvesting, and wishing that I had some of my own. I do not like work, but I find that I like being out of work during this glorious August even less.

July 24th.

Still boiling hot. My lame knee is better, so I have been able to start golf again. I played to-day, and lost a lot of weight and a lot of temper in so doing. How I cannot play golf! I play an occasional hole like a

professional, and the great majority like a child or an imbecile. And I used to have a five handicap; to-day it is at least thirty-five. I suppose it is good for me, but I came home fagged and depressed. I must see some more harvesting to get the taste of bad golf out of my mouth, so I rang up a friend who has a combine harvester, and I am going down to see it at work in a day or two. My friend said that he was going to convert me into an enthusiast for this method. He may—I try to keep an open mind and always to be willing to learn—but I have grave doubts. Even if he succeeds I'm afraid that in spite of my boast about an open mind it will be a case of

> A man convinced against his will
> Is but an unbeliever still.

July 25th.

Went up to town to-day on business. It was hot. The streets were a hideous hellish maelstrom, offices, restaurants, and bedrooms were torrid prisons, and drink was a delusion and a snare. For once, the countryman could honestly pity the men he met in the performance of their soft (?) jobs. Sometimes I think that I and my rural neighbours make too much capital out of the fact that our calling forces us to work outdoors in all winds and weathers. It is far more irksome and a much greater hardship to have a job which forces one to stay indoors at any season of the year, and just now the outdoor worker has definitely the better part.

July 26th.

Travelled home to-day, and, if my luck holds, London will not see me for some weeks. I gave the final broadcast talk of this series this morning, and I am not sorry in a way. One a week for seventeen weeks is a fairly continuous load on one's mind, and mine anyway needs to lie fallow for a while. It occurs to me that my farm is really the producer of these broadcast talks, and that

they should be placed on the credit side of the farm's balance sheet. What a lot of things a farm does produce in a lifetime. Joy, sorrow, success, failure, friends, enemies, crops, stock, and a host of other things. I must get home and do some more farming in the hope that I may raise some future crops of varied kinds.

July 28th.

Visited the combine harvesting to-day. My friend has a good outfit. They were busy doing white spring oats. The combine harvester makes a good job. It was reaping as cleanly as a binder, and I could find no grain in the straw. In a good day I should judge that it could tackle from sixteen to twenty acres. The wakes of straw, cavings, and chaff, which it leaves behind, make me think rather. There must be some weed seeds in them. If they are burnt immediately, the weed seeds would be destroyed but the straw wasted, and they cannot be burnt on young seeds. If they are not burnt, they must be shifted immediately, as if left to get wet it will cost a lot of money to shift them. And either way the value of the straw is lost. In the farm buildings I found an immense drying plant—a good one. In one twelve hours this farm has cut, threshed, winnowed, dried, and sacked up two hundred sacks of oats. I admire the ingenuity of the men who invented the machinery which makes such a hustle possible, I admire the energy and initiative of the farmers who are using them, but I cannot budget the method at an enormous profit. Two hundred sacks of oats are worth about £80, which seems to be an amount almost insufficient to carry the charges of production and harvesting even with these up-to-date methods. Still, one must respect a trier, and I hope that the weather will continue dry so that the users of these harvesting methods may be helped and not hindered.

July 29th.

Drove up to Ashridge for the week end. Harvest in

full swing all the way. Saw the Hagen-Cotton match in the afternoon. More than ever I feel determined to abandon my feeble efforts with a golf club. The grain policy people were able to pull my leg in great style this trip, by pointing out what a beautiful grain summer we were having. However, we dug up the reports of the past fifty years, which proved that 1933 bids fair to be the exception rather than the rule.

August 1st.

This glorious weather has decided me against making silage, so we cut our late hay to-day. It is a fair crop, and if this sun holds until Saturday we shall make a little rick of good stuff, which will come in useful next winter.

August 3rd.

Still out of work, so took my final ticket on the Wylye to-day. Glorious sunshine all day, a good rise of black gnat about 11.30 a.m., and a sharp evening rise about 7 p.m. What a beautiful country South Wiltshire is at this season. The hills rise so quickly from the meadows, and on their slopes the standing corn, and corn in aisle, make a pretty picture. Under to-day's conditions let nobody think that dry fly fishing is an easy job. There was not a dry stitch on me when I returned home in the evening, and after supper the inner man was moistened in suitable fashion. And then bed, glorious bed. Day's bag—six brace of good grayling, and one trout nearly two pounds.

August 4th.

I visited another neighbour's harvest field to-day, and there I found the ubiquitous motor-car hay sweep at work. It gathered about half a dozen stooks each trip, and had them at the foot of the elevator in no time. This method rubs out less corn than the pitcher and the loader on the wagon. But it is not half so charming.

The ground is dry, so the sweep moves across the field in a dense cloud of dust, and the glory of the harvest field has departed.

August 5th.

Carried our late hay to-day. A bit of good stuff which cost very little to get. When the weather is on the farmer's side, farming is an easy job. We finished about 6 p.m., and the lad who works on the outdoor milking outfit then cycled off to the Tidworth Tattoo. He will get back on Sunday morning just about in time to start milking. Now, in my middle-age, to do that sort of thing seems hardly worth while, but I did it years ago. Anyway, I would sooner have one lad of that temperament than half a dozen of the born-tired breed. As the old dairyman says, "You kin do anythin' wie a colt, ef zo be as 'ee'll goo, but when they wunt goo at all, you be done like."

August 7th.

There must be a kink of cussedness in me somewhere. To-day is Bank Holiday, and I have done a lot of work. I find that invariably I work best when the world is at play, and enjoy play best when other people are hard at it. The temperature and the state of the roads to-day decided me to work instead of play, and in the evening I went over to the meadows and had a glorious lazy bathe, returning in that blissful mood when one feels at peace with all the world. Rather unwisely I read over my day's scribbling and passed the verdict, "Not at all bad." Future criticism, when I am in a different mood, will probably reverse this.

August 8th.

In the N.F.U. Record for Wiltshire I came across a most striking entry. "Feeding stuffs not much change, demand short, prices must harden in sympathy with wheat." Of course they must, but usually the N.F.U.

keep this fact carefully in the background. Still, mistakes will happen even in the best——

August 11*th.*

Passed a harvest-field to-day of the old-time sort. The farmer in me said, "That's an expensive hobby," while the sentimentalist in me pulled up his car in order to savour the charm of his boyhood's harvest once again.

August 12*th.*

I see in the press that the Minister of Agriculture stated that Great Britain imported annually twice her own production of milk, and that he warned the representatives from other countries that this condition could not continue, as Great Britain intended to increase her output of dairy products. Now that at long last the powers that be are taking this line it behoves the dairy farmers of this country to try to make the Milk Marketing Scheme a success. This country is better suited to dairying than to most branches of farming, and if our farmers are given a market they could supply most of our needs in this direction.

August 15*th.*

The weather has broken to-day with a vengeance, and it is pelting outside. I hope it will soon clear as there is a lot of harvest yet to do. If it keeps on once again, the early bird, or rather the early harvester, will have caught the worm.

The Cheikh of the Israelites

By Louis Golding

WHEN I speak of my friend, Jonas Alexandre Ahmed François Azoulai, seller of carpets in the Souk-el-Berka in Tunis, shall I speak of him as "Monsieur," as befits a protected subject of a great republic? Or should I say "Jonas Ben Moses," as they say in the synagogue when he is called up to the pulpit? But when an Arab colleague from the bazaar asks him for his judgment regarding a rug from Samarkand or a chased dagger from Damascus, he addresses him as "Sidi," as the custom is among the dwellers in Arab lands. Moreover, Jonas Alexandre Ahmed François Azoulai has a little legend painted on his sign. You learn that he is "Cheikh des Israelites."

Surely no thought could be more depressing to Miss Hull, the talented literary lady. What? An Israelitish "Sheik"? Nothing will convince me that Jonas Azoulai has ever dragged his mistress by the hair into his tent and then horsewhipped her. Nor his wife even. He is a perfect Jewish husband and father. What does he mean then by describing himself as Cheikh of the Israelites? Literally, a Cheikh is the head of a Muslim fraternity; one of those pious and purely theological fraternities which were founded in the first centuries after the Prophet to correct the heretical misinterpretations of his doctrine that had been compromising its fiery unity. (Surely, surely, another depressing discovery for the talented literary lady.) A Cheikh, moreover, is one who has grown old in his venerable duty (from *shâkha*, to grow old or be old).

But Sidi Monsieur Jonas has not grown old at all. Being a descendant of the Livorno Jews, the immigrants from Italy, he looks rather like a dapper and humorous little Italian who takes his business seriously enough to be a respectable Fascist. But that is only when he wears European dress, like yours or mine. Or almost like yours or mine. We would not allow ourselves quite

such a point to our shoes, quite such a tint in our socks. But when my friend has dealings with his Arab friends he wears a beautiful purple burnous like theirs, and trousers of white ribbed silk. Below the knee ensues a humorous tract of leg. Then follow the suspenders manufactured in Lyons and the socks in, perhaps, Nottingham. The foot is protected by a pair of yellow slippers, the back of which is tucked under the pad of his heel. As he proceeds earnestly along the dappled bazaar, where the sun strikes the painted pillars almost audibly between the chinks of the wooden arcade, you might think he is on his way to the mosque of the Djamaa-es-Zitouna to pay his respects to the Prophet. The soft red fez is on his head, from which droops a copious blue tassel.

You would not imagine that had he presumed to wear, even seventy years ago, any other than black garments or anything else on his head than a black *cabbouche*, he would have been liable to dire penalties . . . saving that, as a Jew from Livorno, he might with much gold have bought the privilege of wearing a white *cabbouche*. And that, thus attired, there was not a Muslim among the gutters so mean that he had not the right to proclaim : " Lower thy head, dog of a Jew, and receive the headgear of thy father and thy father's father." Whereupon my dapper friend—than whom no merchant in all the souks has a surer eye for a carpet or an ankle—would have lowered his head and received from a pious fist so formidable a blow that all the pillars in the colonnade would have danced and tottered.

But Sidi Monsieur does not call himself " Cheikh " merely because he can now wear a red fez without being thrown into prison. Nor do I believe that he is a leader of any Jewish fraternity and in that sense a " Cheikh." Oh, indeed, we have our conflicting journals and fraternities in Tunis ! We have our ardent Zionists, haranguing each other all day in a flawless but slightly factitious Hebrew : Zionists not a little proud of the thought that

they have wandered less far from Zion than most Jews in the Diaspora. A certain number of them, that is to say. The wanderings of certain others have been as circuitous as any. And we have also our ardent anti-Zionists, to whom Judaism is a religion and not a policy; whose French is less factitious and less flawless than the Zionists' Hebrew—and to whom the concept "France" is the promise and the glory, like the concept "America" or "England" to their brethren elsewhere. Nor is the language of their hetero-nationalism any the less dithyrambic. Let me quote certain throbbing sentences from a Judaeo-Tunisian essayist :—

> Rêveurs du ghetto! Regardez devant vous cette femme à la physionomie rayonnante de bonté maternelle et d'affectueuse sollicitude. C'est la France qui vient vous dire : Votre martyre et votre exil cesseront peu à peu—ils ont cessés. Vous êtes errants, vous n'avez plus de patrie, venez dans mon foyer. Vous êtes rejetés de partout, vous n'avez pas de parents, venez a moi, je serai votre mère, venez, vous serez citoyens français, venez, vous serez mes enfants.

I would not be so cynical as to suggest that my friend entitles himself "Cheikh" because the admirers of Miss Hull and Mr. Hichens, as they pass along the Souk-el-Berka, would find it impossible to resist the carpets sold by no less ineffable a creature than a "Cheikh"! The fact is, Miss Hull and Mr. Hichens have nothing to do with it, even though Jonas Alexandre Ahmed François Azoulai is a good business man.

The truth is further and deeper, by well over a thousand years. A great deal of the story of Judaism in Tunisia is implicit in that innocent phrase, "Cheikh des Israelites." For all Israel has become Cheikhish in Tunisia. And, in the name of my friend who sells carpets in the Souk-el-Berka, you will find that astounding history still further resolved and carried back still another thousand years and another thousand years. I do not believe that any of the diverse Jewish epics is so various, so sorrowful or so majestic.

The breathless tale begins at Azoulai's portals. His

mart of carpets from Kairouan and China and Trebizond, of saddle-rugs from Djerba and the Djerid, is situated in the Souk-el-Berka, which was the slave-market of Tunis until eighty years ago. Jews enough were sold as slaves here, where now the Jews sell to the subdued offspring of the pirates gold and silver trinkets to take home to their eloquent wives. Amongst the Jewish slaves might well have been some Livornese or Genoan ancestor of Azoulai, captured on his way to his Venetian counting-house. (Not the least benevolent of the communal funds organized by the Jews in Tunis was the fund directly devoted to the ransom of such unfortunate voyagers.) Turning hence out of the slave-market into the Souk-el-Trouk, the street of the tailors, you will see the cross-legged Jews crouched over their needles as you may see their kinsmen in Pittsburgh and Vilna and Whitechapel. So, throughout their centuries of subjection, sat the sombre Jews stitching the rich purple and blue garments of their masters, interweaving them with gold and silver thread when some Arab gallant commanded it, despite the Prophet's command that the Faithful dress decorously, howsoever the giddy Christian might deck himself with vain shows. So, in the late dawning of their freedom, the hunched Jews in the Souk-el-Trouk perpetuate the traditions of their slavery. But a light is in their eyes. And, when they put their needles aside, no one will molest them as they make their way to the Jewish quarter under the great Mosque of Sidi Mahrez.

And that is not so small a thing as it sounds, Azoulai once pointed out to me, as we proceeded one evening to the Restaurant Tunisien Cacher in the Rue de Constantine. We halted a moment over a gutter in the Rue de la Kasbah where a certain interesting and fortunately climacteric event in Judaeo-Tunisian history occurred. Here, in the very recent year of 1877, a Jew named Hai Berdâa was proceeding on his business towards the Souk des Tamis. It happened to be Friday, which is the

Sabbath of the Muslims. And it occurred to a certain Muslim, full of Sabbath thoughts, that the time had come for him to assure himself of his place in Heaven. He thereupon called to some of his friends to seize Berdâa and bind his hands behind his back. Which being done, he himself drew a knife out of his voluminous garments and slit the throat of the Jew, allowing the blood to flow neatly into the gutter.

It was true that a wretched fuss was made about the business, which filled the Bey with gloomy thoughts about the degeneracy of the nineteenth century. A century earlier nobody would have dared to say a word if a hundred Jews had had their throats slit above the gutters of the Rue de la Kasbah. Excepting, of course, if they had been the Jews from Livorno. A pest on the Jews from Livorno! They had always been a thorn in the Bey's side, ever since they had come over from Italy towards the end of the sixteenth century, aping Christian manners and claiming European privileges. Mud is mud, said the Bey, and Jews are Jews.

But somehow, in 1877, that sentiment did not meet the case. The British and French consuls made themselves intensely disagreeable. And the very next day the worthy Muslim was dispatched to Heaven to see if the seat he had assured himself there was ready for him. Only four years later the French declared Tunisia a Protectorate, thereby making such convenient passports to Heaven completely inaccessible.

"So you see how it was," declared Jonas Alexandre Ahmed François Azoulai, in the Cacher Restaurant, conducted so ably by M. Quaisse Setbon. He winked at me with a sense of well-being over the brimming tumbler of Vin Cacher de Belvédère. Yes, I saw how it was. We clinked glasses.

I cannot decide where I most successfully apprehended the tale of my kinsfolk, the Jews of Tunis. I heard echoes and caught glimpses as I wandered in the Souks between the pillars looted from Carthage and set up here

to separate the low counters of the perfume sellers and the carpet sellers and the embroiderers of shoes and the beaters of bronze. I heard echoes and caught glimpses in the polylingual tones of the library. But the eyes of my friend Azoulai were more eloquent and his speech more significant than any graven stone or lettered parchment. He was himself epitome.

Not that we neglected the body's fare offered by mine host in the Cacher Restaurant what time our spirits wandered the dark backward and abysm of time. I humbly but cordially endorse the gold medals conferred upon the Vin Cacher de Belvédère by Naples and Rome and Paris. Conceive a Sicilian wine from which Etna is expurgated; or, perhaps, a wine from the Peloponnese not vitiated with resin; add thereto the tawny African flavour (which French connoisseurs deplore, but that is their business in life), and you will present to the ghost of your palate the bouquet of Belvédère. You will, of course, let M. Setbon have the ordering of the meal that follows, which has a mode of procedure not familiar to Europeans. He will first present you with a dish of *azze*, being eggs and a somewhat virulent salami scrambled in red pepper, fried in olive oil and flavoured with lemon. Having proceeded no distance at all with your *azze*, you will order a second bottle of Vin Cacher de Belvédère. And a third. It is unnecessary to keep subsequent count. Follows a *poulet nature*, attended by macaroni *aux anchois*—an eclectic dish, even as Judaism in Tunisia is eclectic. Ensues now the pièce de résistance of the meal—the *couscous*, compounded of minced meats and strained semolina. At that moment half a million Arabs are eating *couscous* with you—from blossomy patios in Morocco all the way to thirsty Bedouin encampments on the fringes of the salt and barren Chott. Now a *minima* follows, a pasty of egg and meat; you conclude finally with a *zebabia*, being a sweetmeat of flour fried in olive oil and dipped in honey. You will by this time have embarked on the most fiery of liquors known to man,

boukha, innocent as water to the eye and as flattering as strychnine in the gullet. But it is pleasanter. Being distilled out of peaches, many a pious Muslim who would turn shuddering away from the fermented grape permits himself to join the Jewish partner of his enterprises in a bottle or two of *boukha*. He will permit himself even more serious liberties, as the proverb quoted by Sir Richard Burton testifies :—

> Turco fino
> Mangia porco, beve vino.

But I must occupy no space with a lament for the decline in orthodox fervours among the children of Mahomet. The more venerable children of Abraham are my concern, for those among them who have for some thousands of years played a part, at once so mean and majestic, in the drama of Tunis. And amongst these, mainly, my friend the Cheikh of the Israelites, the epitome of them all.

Not each canto in the Judaeo-Tunisian epic is made explicit in Azoulai's orotund name, nor even all the principal cantos; for that would have meant setting up a plate which would have occupied the whole frontage of his shop. Moreover, I will dispense at once with the alpha and omega of his, so to speak, Christian names, with Jonas and with François. They indicate at the least that Azoulai's parents had a supreme sense of historic continuity, for the name Jonas commemorates the first of all the innumerable emigrants to Tunis, a traveller we more familiarly know by the name of Jonah :—

> "Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it; for their wickedness is come up before me.
>
> "But Jonah rose up to flee into Tarshish from the presence of the Lord and went down to Joppa . . . "

Tarshish *is*, in fact, Tunis. The passenger services between Joppa and Tarshish were not so reliable as the more modern services between Tunis and Marseilles, for it will be remembered that Jonah never arrived. To whom exactly was he going, and on what business?

The admirable Cazès suggests that there were Jews among those Phœnicians who went forth and founded Carthage. Carthage itself may have been the port of Tunis. Was there a Jewish civilization already established in North Africa, where the Jews certainly were no strangers? Had not two Jews, Joseph and Moses, many centuries earlier, played a by no means inconspicuous rôle in the history of that continent?

"Vain speculations," murmured Azoulai, sipping his *boukha* philosophically. "The other Jonas did not arrive. I did."

"What, then, of the name François? We leap over several thousand years of complex history," continued Azoulai. "I was born in 1887. Six years earlier France had declared her Protectorate. Upon that very year François Carnot had been declared President of the Republic. My name was a gesture of general goodwill towards the whole Republic and a specific compliment to the newly-elected President. What? Shall it be objected against us that we are a race of opportunists? It takes a well-bred mind to appreciate or to invent so dexterous a courtesy. My father was a gentleman. He was, you see, one of the Jews from Livorno. Not that I would utter a word against the indigenous Jews. No, no. My mother, peace be upon her name, was descended, I do not doubt, from one of those aboriginal Jewish families whom my collateral ancestor, Jonas, had intended to visit, when the little matter of the whale upset his plans. You remember?"

I remembered. He told me a great deal more of the contemporary Franco-Tunisian Jew, but his voice became thin and unreal during these orations. It was a strange thing that the more contemporary he became, the less I was aware of him. When he threaded the backward histories, beyond the days of the Jews fleeing from Torquemada to the days of the Jews fleeing from Mahomet he resumed substance. So soon as he wore a bowler hat he became indistinguishable among the black terraces

of bowler hats which constitute the small provincial town of French Tunis. For Tunis as a French town is no more than that. The food is better at Caen, the wine is better at Nîmes. But the cafés and the gendarmes and the *avocats* and the newspapers are the same. More efficient than these things once were, it is true; but to my incurably passéistic mind they are the less interesting. I trust I did not show it too patently.

Yes, yes, the position of the Tunisian Jew was still anomalous, I agreed. What was that? It was only if you had done three years of voluntary service with the French army or if you had your doctor's or lawyer's diploma that they welcomed you into full French citizenry? Yes, very hard on the wretched business man. How could he leave his ledgers for three years? Or transfer his attention to the Code Napoléon or diabetes? Of course, the law of December, 1923, made things easier. And, if you married a Frenchwoman and had a child by her, the difficulties were fewer. But that created difficulties elsewhere, did it not? I refused to be drawn into the labyrinths implicit in his question.

He tapped his nose rhetorically. But not as a Jew might, those Jews I had all my life been familiar with, wanderers from the pale of Eastern Europe. And it was not their sort of nose. The east European-Jewish nose is not a Semitic nose at all, I realized. It is not the nose of those nomad Bedouin Jews of the tribes of the Drid I had encountered in the neighbourhood of the oasis of Gabes. And what Jewish nose shall be more integral, more aboriginal, than theirs? Which mortals among Jews shall be nearer in every true characteristic to the primal Jews who shepherded sheep, whose first shepherd was Abraham?

(Quite so, I agreed, quite so. The anti-Semitic disturbances in Tunisia after the Armistice were particularly illogical. How could the French have expected the Tunisian Jews to lay down their lives for them when the same Jews were only exceptionally permitted to

become French citizens? But when were anti-Semitic disturbances not particularly illogical?)

And yet Azoulai's nose was not Semitic in the manner of the Arab or the Jewish nomads. It was the nose of the Greeks. How and whence descended then? Did the Hellenistic Jews of Alexandria, many of whom emigrated to Tunisia in the Byzantine period—did they receive not only their philosophy but their nose from the Hellenes?

I wonder if these idle speculations of mine had mystically impressed themselves upon Azoulai's subconscious intelligence. I suddenly found the stream of his elegant and erudite conversation flowing along a new channel. We had abandoned France for Alexandria, mother of Tunisian Jewry.

"Ptolemy," said he, "is my spiritual father-in-law." I gasped. It was not the fine arrogance of his assertion but the mobility and plasticity with which he treated the story of his race that so took my breath.

"It was Ptolemy," he continued, "who established the Jews substantially in Alexandria, though the illustrious founder of the city had invited certain talented Hebrews to help the initiation of its history. Thence gradually my mothers' fathers spread from Cyrenaica to the country of their Semitic kinsmen, the Carthaginians. And some centuries later, on the conquest of Carthage by Rome, the first influx of the Jews from Livorno overswept the banks of the lagoon of Bahira, where the pink flamingoes started at sunset towards the reddening walls of Tunis. Understand," he said, "by the term, 'Jews from Livorno,' we do not mean specifically Livornese or Leghorn Jews. We comprehend, rather, those Jews whose history for the last thousand years or so has been set in a Latin as opposed to an Arab environment. Even the Jewish multitudes who came to Tunisia after the great Spanish expulsion of Ferdinand and Isabella are Livornesi, in this more ample psychological sense. You see that, don't you? A race more *raffiné*, as it were,

more civilized, more European." (He twirled the tips of the moustaches he did not possess.)

"Now, of course, the Diaspora proceeded amain, after the conquests of Titus and Pompey and the defeat of Bar-Cochbah. The flood of exiles surged westward along the tawny fringes of Africa. Tunis must have been even so long ago a city of solid Jewish interests. But not a few of the Palestinian Jews, uprooted by those misfortunes, had turned south towards Arabia instead of westward towards Tripoli and Tunisia. The success of Mahomet some centuries later presented them with two alternatives—conversion to Islam or exile. Some accepted the first. Many preferred the second, and took devious routes once more to the North African littoral. Of these, some got no further than Abyssinia, having crossed the Red Sea. Others returned to Egypt whence they had fled so joyfully long ago and rested their weary heads outside the gate of the city, half a minute's walk from us where we sit in the restaurant here. They call the gate the 'Porte de France.' It is a strange tale. We are a strange people.

"Did I talk of the doctrinal furies of the Byzantine Christians? Those must be familiar to you. They were mainly intellectual hardships, and fairly tolerable to thick skulls. It was Mahomet who gave us a really unpleasant time, a vulgarly unpleasant time; for a thousand years, as I have told you. I did not see with my own eyes the throat of the poor devil slit over the gutter of the Rue de la Kasbah. But I have frequently witnessed it with my mother's and father's eyes. It was a dramatic résumé of Judaeo-Tunisian history under Mahomet.

"It seems to you in rather dubious taste that my third name, 'Ahmed,' should perpetuate that protracted tragedy, that my parents should in a sense compel their son to be its monument? I admit it. But don't allow yourself to believe that I retain it merely because it inspires confidence among my Arab colleagues. No, it

is not only the monument of our persecution but of our affinity. We have for over a thousand years hated each other and venerated each other's saints. For many hundreds of years we were not allowed to live within the protection of the city walls. We lived in a caravanserai outside the gate among the potsherds and the prowling pariahs. The marauding Bedouins who visited us at night were more terrible. It was, at last, a pious Muslim marabout, the noble Sidi Mahrez, who in the twelfth century persuaded the Bey to let us establish a ghetto within the city. Sidi Mahrez stood on the roof of his shrine and threw his bâton to mark the limit of the ghetto. The ghetto persists to this day, though fortunately we have our villas too, in Hammamet and Carthage, and our shooting-boxes in the Aurès mountains. The Bey specified that the ghetto should include only four families; it was not so fierce a restriction as he thought. A competent genealogist could pack a ghetto with three million souls and prove that he had only called on three families.

"They borrowed from us the primal ritual of our faith. Our women borrowed from their's the veil and the trouser. We lived in a state of considerable spiritual reciprocity; but it did not prevent them from making our bodies intensely miserable. We had to walk barefoot through the slime of their cities in the costume that they appointed and bend the neck when they demanded it. Their laws and their justice did not pertain to us. For the privilege of breathing we had to pay every manner of fine, individual and communal. It all had the effect of imposing upon us a sort of primeval Mosaic communism, nearer to the ideals of your Judaistic philosopher Shelley than any community has ever witnessed. The bearded tribunals of our Rabbis, which were backed by no physical force whatsoever, had more sanction than your monstrous armies. Our rich paid the fines expected from our poor as regularly as they ate or drank. Yet the rich were not safer from a sudden surging of fanatical blood-

lust than the poor; they were, indeed, less safe. If the blood of a poor Jew will assure you a place in the next world, will not the blood of a rich Jew assure you a place in the next world and in this also? Yet it was all based on a textual misinterpretation. Mahomet never did, in point of fact, guarantee Paradise as a return for slaughter. What he said actually . . . "

"I have often felt," I interrupted, "that the history of religions could be resolved into a history of textual misinterpretations."

"Perfectly," he agreed, "perfectly. And then we came."

"We?" I inquired.

"Yes, we Europeans. Even the Muslims who were refugees from Spain brought a certain amount of light and tolerance with them into Tunisia, when they established themselves here. Successively the Jews followed, the Jews from Spain, from Portugal, from Genoa, from Leghorn. The native community has been divided for centuries now, as I said earlier, between the African and the European parties. Some of us Europeans inclined our sympathies towards Italy. I suppose that is why the local Fascist journal is so markedly anti-Semitic. My own family is Italian in its beginnings, being connected with that illustrious Rabbi, Joseph Azoulai, who was a friend of Napoleon and Grand Rabbi of Leghorn. But as my name, François, informs you, our sympathies had become francophile during the second half of the century. That noble and magnanimous power, so ample in her conceptions, so generous in her interpretations . . . "

It was curious that the more *boukha* my friend drank, the more sonorous became his sentiments and the language in which he expressed them. He lost sight of the motes in the sunlight and beheld the sunlight only. But for my own part I had not forgotten it was a night of Ramadan and that the parapet of every minaret was rimmed with stars. The air was full of the wailing of pipes and the beating of drums outside the booths.

Here Ali Hassan was lulling his snakes into somnolence with reedy music. Here Ahmo was passing a sword through his ribs and a dagger through his cheeks. There, the lithe Fatima was dancing her sinuous dances and her cheeks were like magnolia buds . . .

"Come," I said, "let us make our way to the café at the corner of the Place-el-Halfaouine. I bought a long, ebony pipe to-day, inwrought with silver, and it has an amber mouthpiece. Let us smoke a pipeful of kif among our kinsmen, passing it slowly to each other, as the custom is in these parts. It will be a pipe of peace though our Arab brothers will not know it, having other things to think of. Jewish blood will never flow into a Tunisian gutter again, nor, let us hope, into any gutter anywhere; though that is, perhaps, too much to hope. We shall drink to France also, that noble and magnanimous power, as you so justly describe her; so ample in her conceptions, so generous in her interpretations. No, not *boukha*, I think, No, I am quite certain. Let it be tea, spiced with cinnamon; or their thick, odorous coffee. All night the records will moan and screech upon the gramophones, as if the ghosts of all rifled churchyards were bewailing their wrongs. But the Jewish wrongs are at an end in Tunis. The moaning is merely the voice of our kinsmen when they wish to declare how merry they are. They pass swords through their ribs at these times and dally with fanged serpents.

"Let us go forth, O Jonas Alexandre Ahmed François Azoulai, let us go forth into the night of Ramadan. These serpents, at least, have lost their sting."

"Let us go forth," said the Cheikh of the Israelites. "I should not be surprised if Fatima is expecting us."

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

THE critics of the Four-Power Pact have soon been confounded, for without it there would almost certainly have been no means of putting an end to the German aggression against Austria without recourse to force. The prompt action taken by Signor Mussolini proves conclusively that the Pact is the most effective instrument for peace that we have known since the war, and that those who said it meant nothing were wrong. It gave Great Britain, France, and Italy the opportunity to make just the right type of representation at Berlin, and that through the regular diplomatic channels. The whole affair is a welcome relief after the methods of the last fifteen years, and encourages the belief, always held by THE ENGLISH REVIEW, that the solution of Europe's problems will be found, not at Geneva, but in the agreement of the four Great Powers.

Meanwhile, are we on the eve of another Diplomatic Revolution, comparable with that which took place in the years following the close of the War of the Austrian Succession? It certainly looks very much like it. The Little Entente is openly declaring that it would prefer the *Anschluss* to the restoration of the Habsburgs, and in consequence France is now looking to Italy for support against the incorporation of Austria in the Reich. It was no mere coincidence that the fleets of the two Latin Powers were entertained at Villefranche on the very day that the remonstrances were lodged at Berlin, while only a week before the Prime Minister of Hungary met with a cold reception in Rome when he began to talk of revision. Is the prospect of the Prussian in Vienna weakening the ties which have for so long bound France to the Little Entente, and is a Franco-Italian understanding about to replace that between France on the one hand, and Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, and Rumania on the other?

The Position of Italy

WHAT is clear is that Rome is now the diplomatic centre of Europe. Signor Mussolini displayed remarkable skill in the moment which he chose to launch the project of a Four-Power Pact, and recent events have shown that he proposes to retain the initiative. His position is perfectly obvious. To have Prussia on the Brenner and at the gates of Trieste would be the re-appearance of the menace which threatened Italy until 1918, and the Duce is not the man to allow his natural sympathy for the domestic policy of Hitler (with the exception of its anti-Semitism, of which he strongly disapproves) to weaken his opposition to the *Drang nach Osten*. If the Hungarians think that Mussolini's genuine desire for the revision of their frontiers is going to induce him to imperil his own country by sacrificing Austria to Germany for their *beaux yeux*, they will find themselves mistaken, as M. Gömbös already appears to have discovered.

Those critics who maintain that the Four-Power Pact has placed Italy in an impossible position between France and Germany would do well to remember that for centuries the House of Savoy and its ministers have thrived on apparently impossible positions. The policy of the balance is the basis of Italian diplomacy. To-day Italy has the further advantage of the collaboration of Great Britain, both as the co-guarantor of Locarno and as a signatory of the Four-Power Pact. This last, therefore, is no mere Fascist "leap in the dark," but is in the full tradition of Italian foreign policy. What is of interest to the rest of the world is to know how Signor Mussolini proposes to use his influence as the Canning of the twentieth century.

The Adriatic Problem

THE answer is likely to be found in the Adriatic. It has now become a cardinal maxim of Italian foreign policy that no strong naval Power shall be in possession

of the eastern shore of that sea. In this respect the attitude of Italy is the same as that of our own country with regard to the North Sea, which has always been to prevent the Low Countries from falling into the hands of a Great Power. Her understanding with Albania gives Italy control of the exit from the Adriatic into the Mediterranean, but that would not mean much if the present Jugo-Slav coast were the headquarters of an effective naval force. This is a matter of life and death for Italy, and even the weakest of the pre-Fascist governments realized the fact, though they were not able to effect much.

For this reason Rome can never consent to any extension of German influence in the direction of the Adriatic, nor can she agree to the scheme of M. Benes (discussed in these pages last month) for the creation of a Danubian Federation under Slav control, that is to say, dominated by interests opposed to hers. These are the circumstances which have led Signor Mussolini to favour a revival of the Dual Monarchy as the only means of preserving that balance in the Danube valley which is vital to his country's position in the Adriatic. The keys of that sea are not in Rome or in Taranto, but in Vienna, and this explains why all the Duce's sympathy for a regime which, at any rate in theory, has much in common with Fascism, will never permit him to oblige Herr Hitler by consenting to the *Anschluss*. We might as well buy German friendship at the price of Ostend.

A Franco-Italian Entente ?

ALL this is making for a close understanding with France, and it is an open secret that Signor Mussolini has desired such an arrangement for years, if it could be obtained on equitable terms. While Paris was bound by the closest ties to the Little Entente, this was impossible, but the new attitude of the latter to the *Anschluss* has profoundly modified the situation. Furthermore, the Four-Power Pact now permits each question to be

discussed without the presence of the representatives of the Little Entente, which has always been the real obstacle in the path of an adjustment of the differences outstanding between France and Italy. This, in its turn, has prevented any settlement of the Danubian problem, and so has aggravated the economic crisis in all the Succession States of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire.

At the same time those who imagine that Italy is now about to adopt an anti-German attitude are likely to be disappointed. To safeguard one's own interests by no means necessitates a quarrel with others, and the Prussian has always been the first to appreciate firmness. It is so long since Great Britain had a government that knew its own mind, and had a definite policy in foreign affairs, that we forget such an attitude means not war, but peace. When we were in that happy position, we dominated the chancelleries of Europe. To-day that part is being played by Signor Mussolini, and he is in a fair way to remind us of what we have forgotten.

Fascism and Culture

THE old taunt that Fascism is the enemy of thought is more untrue now than ever it was, for there is no country in the world where more attention is paid to culture than Italy. The most recent development is the foundation in Rome of *Comitati d'Azione per la Universalità di Roma* for the propagation "of the universal character of the spirit of Rome and of Mussolini's ideas." Under the auspices of this body it is proposed to hold in the near future a conference to be attended by the nationalists of all countries, thereby putting to the test the theory of M. Pierre Gaxotte, the French historian, that the peace of Europe can only rest secure upon an understanding between the realists of the various nations. Those of us who are convinced that there is nothing to hope from the present pacifist and Socialist internationals will welcome this development, and wish it the success which it certainly deserves.

The present month also sees the publication of a new Italian weekly called *Quadrivio*, of which the purpose is to review the new culture of Italy. It is hoped that this periodical will represent nationalism in the best sense of the word, and THE ENGLISH REVIEW wishes it a long and prosperous life.

The Austrian Loan

WHILE on the subject of Central Europe it may not be out of place to remove the misapprehension which seems to have arisen regarding the so-called Austrian Loan of last month. In actual fact this was not a loan to Austria at all, but merely another concession to the Bank of England at the taxpayers' expense. In August 1931, at the time of the Credit Anstalt collapse, the Bank of England advanced the sum of £4,000,000 to the Austrian Government in what it believed to be its own best interests. The recent loan, which has the full guarantee of the British Treasury behind it, has been used to repay the Bank of England, and not a penny of it will find its way to Austria. Why the shareholders of the Bank of England should not shoulder their own responsibilities in this matter it is not easy to see, and in view of the tender concern which the National Government has thus displayed for the Bank's finances, one would have thought that the directors were hardly under the necessity of choosing this particular moment to make a 10 per cent. cut in the salaries of the staff. Austria has not received any further financial assistance from this country in consequence of the transaction to which her name has been attached. This operation would have been described with greater accuracy as the Montagu Norman Loan.

The Conference Aftermath

IT is hardly surprising that the failure of the Economic Conference should have been followed by a growth of economic nationalism, for it demonstrated quite clearly that international trade on the old lines is no longer

possible. Never again will the homes of Great Britain be filled with German pianos paid for by the export to Germany of boots from Northampton. The Prime Minister of France, M. Daladier, was one of the first to realize the true significance of the collapse of the Conference, and in a speech at Apt he emphasized the importance of hastening the Franco-Colonial Conference because "the Government is convinced that it is essential to link the interests of the home country as closely as possible with those of our overseas territories."

The Germans are equally explicit, for at the Conference itself their spokesman said: "We cannot deny to a sovereign State the right to take all the steps which it thinks necessary for the safeguarding of its vital interests. So long as the individual nations have not in themselves restored a certain economic equilibrium, the success of another World Economic Conference will remain doubtful." The lesson of the Conference is that salvation lies primarily, not in international action, but in putting one's house in order, and a very sound lesson, too.

Mr. Roosevelt's Policy

THE steps which the American President is taking in this direction merit the careful study of the rest of the world, and for this reason it may not be out of place to recall the exact nature of the measures which he has authorized for the economic mobilization of the United States. The so-called "blanket" code governing hours and wages came into force on August 1, and is to remain in operation for five months from that date. The obligations undertaken by employers are:—

(1) To limit hours of work, for factory workers or artisans, to 35 per week or 8 per day, subject to the right to work a maximum of 40 hours per week for a period not exceeding six weeks during the period of the agreement; for clerical or sales employees to 40 hours per week, with a minimum business week of 52 hours unless a shorter period was in force before July 1.

(2) Not to employ any person under 16 years of age.

(3) To pay wages to factory workers and artisans of not less than 40 cents an hour; to all other workers a minimum weekly wage of 12 to 15 dollars.

(4) To make equitable adjustments in the wage rates of such employees whose wages were in excess of the minimum prescribed by the code, but whose hours of work would be reduced. (The National Recovery Administration announced that prompt action would be taken to prevent any abuse of this freedom.)

(5) Not to raise prices above the level obtaining on July 1 except in proportion to increased production costs.

(6) To support and co-operate in all measures to work out a permanent code.

Some modifications of this have been permitted in practice, and the following examples give an idea of the arrangements that have been made :—

Industry.	Hours.	Wages.
Motor-car	35	40–43 cents per hour.
Shipbuilding	32–36	35–45 „ „
Retailers (foodstuffs)	48	12–15 dollars per week.
„ (dry goods)	40	11–14 „ „

A Correction

It was stated in these pages some months ago that Dr. Gregorio Marañon, the well-known Spanish republican, had sold at a considerable profit some land to the municipality of Seville for the creation of an air-port. The French and Spanish papers, which also published this statement, have now announced that the Marañon who presented, not sold, the land in question was not Dr. Gregorio. In view of Dr. Marañon's political activities (he was largely instrumental in securing the *de jure* recognition of Soviet Russia by Spain), it is, indeed, pleasant to hear that he is innocent of this particular piece of villainy.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Edited by **HERBERT AGAR**

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Literary Notes

By Herbert Agar

France

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING'S "Souvenirs of France" (Macmillan) evokes, in under sixty pages, much of the charm, the beauty, the stern excellence of that country. Charm is usually associated with weakness; in France it goes side by side with strength. Wariness, self-sufficiency, and thrift usually go with a forbidding or boorish manner; in France they go with natural politeness—so long as that politeness is not presumed upon, so long as the outsider does not delude himself that he is being granted the status or privilege of one within the circle. Most Englishmen have a strange difficulty in appreciating France. In this respect the channel is broader than the Atlantic; for civilized Americans take readily to France,

loving and enjoying the country with an easy acceptance that is rare in an Englishman. And the almost brutish disregard for French poetry, which is so common in England, does not afflict the educated American.

Mr. Kipling, however, is exempt from this failing of his countrymen. Ever since his childhood he has been in sympathy with all that is most impressive and most delightful in the French character, and in this brief book he manages to express that sympathy, and to suggest the qualities that evoked it, with admirable art. It is a rambling tribute of affection (including some autobiographical touches that make the reader wish for more), full of the sort of anecdote that brings a subject to life. "There is a town by a great river," says Mr. Kipling, "where they hold agricultural shows on the main boulevard, attaching electric-power wires casually to the tree-trunks, with no more protection than an occasional warning that, if you touch them, you will perish." There is something very un-modern about such casualness, such unwillingness to pass a new law every time some fool finds a new way to hurt himself; there is the almost medieval suggestion that this is a world in which people have to look after themselves. But almost anyone who naturally takes to the French, will, on coming to that story, feel a smile of pleasure.

In addition to giving praise where praise is due, Mr. Kipling makes some political suggestions in his book. "In the course of these years," he writes at the end of section one, "it occurred to me that there existed in France a civilization at least coeval with ours; equally complete—not to say contented with itself; as incomprehensible as ours but complementary. What of civilization since the fall of Rome had evolved itself appeared to me to have been due to one or other of those influences; the later systems being predatory, parvenu, or imposed. Therefore, what of civilization was to continue, lay in our united hands." The statement is exaggerated; but it is true enough to deserve consideration, especially to-day.

The Norman Conquest

THE first sentence of Mr. Hilaire Belloc's "William the Conqueror" (Peter Davies) is as follows: "A short broad-shouldered northern Frenchman, approaching his fortieth year, a man with long arms, powerfully built, and famous for the strength of his hands, clean-shaven, square-jawed, obese, vigorous—all that—decided, at about five o'clock of an autumn evening on a Sussex hill, the destinies of England and, in great part, of the world." Most of the very considerable merits of Mr. Belloc's book are suggested in this sentence: the strength and speed of the narrative, the sense of the great issues involved, the vitality of the picture of William. And Mr. Belloc's sympathy with the Middle Ages, his feeling for the spirit of the time, and his awareness of all the silly ideas that must be expunged from the modern mind before the life of the eleventh century can be understood in any particular—all this adds value to the book. And the description of the battle of Hastings is a triumph of lucid story-telling. Nevertheless, Mr. Belloc appears to underestimate the development and the significance of the Germanic world into which England might have been absorbed, had not Harold fallen in the critical "last quarter of an hour" at Hastings. And by so doing, Mr. Belloc understates the drama of his own story.

It is obvious that England benefited beyond description from the Norman Conquest, and there is no quarrel with any of Mr. Belloc's major theses. It is worth remembering, however, that between 900 and 1100 a purely Germanic people on the edge of the Arctic Circle was producing at least as fine a literature as any that was coming from the continent of Europe, and also that the eleventh-century Danish Conquest of England, under Swegn and Cnut, had astonishing political possibilities. Cnut was no robber chieftain, like the earlier "Danes." He was the powerful ruler of a northern empire which included Denmark, Norway, England and the Western

Islands. Had he lived, he could probably have given his new state solidity and permanence, and William's Conquest would have been impossible. But Cnut died young; his sons were worthless; England broke loose from the northern empire; the Germanic form of European civilization was not to be allowed to work itself out in this island. In view of the results that have been obtained elsewhere, that appears to have been a blessing. Nevertheless, the fact that there was such a civilization, and that in the tenth and eleventh centuries its fruits were not inconsiderable, seems to be understressed by Mr. Belloc.

Miscellaneous

"MORE From a Lawyer's Notebook" (Secker) is nearly as good as the first "A Lawyer's Notebook," which appeared last year. This means that it is an admirable bedside book. The anonymous author is witty, intelligent, cantankerous, and attractively violent, so that the book contains notes and comments for almost every mood. One of the best things in it is a parody of Verlaine, entitled "Seasick," and beginning:

J'ai mal au cœur, j'ai mal au pauvre cœur;
Le mal de mer amer, le mal nargueur.

"Morton's Folly" (Sheed and Ward) is a collection of Beachcomber's unkind comments on the modern world, with illustrations by Nicolas Bentley. The book keeps up a high average of buffoonery and of biting criticism. "This morning," says a report on the Strabismus expedition to Africa, "we saw a herd of wild zwai, but one of them had a pair of braces showing, and they turned out to be the company that is making a film called 'African Passion.' Later on we shot a rhinoceros in the leg, and were sued for damages by both the forelegs and the hind legs—two stars of the company that is filming 'African Nights.'" And the following, headed A Chance of Immortality, is Beachcomber in a less gentle mood:

Tempus edax rerum; so Mr. George
Will not outlast his day;
Yet, some have said, Time with a rising gorge
Will turn away.

"Rolling Round the Horn," by Claude Muncaster (Rich and Cowan), is a thoroughly enjoyable book for anyone interested in sailing ships. It is written by an English artist who signed on at Melbourne as a deck-hand on the four-masted bark *Olivebank*, bound for England. The author had no previous experience before the mast, so the story of how he learned his job can be understood by the least nautical reader. The book is well illustrated.

"Heavy Weather," by P. G. Wodehouse (Herbert Jenkins), is Wodehouse at his best. There is no way of expressing more enthusiasm or pleasure than by saying that.

Tolstoy*

ALEXANDRA TOLSTOY, the author of this remarkable book, was born in the middle eighties. Her father was elderly at the time of her birth, and her record of his relations with her mother therefore deals only with the period from 1890 to Tolstoy's flight and death in 1910, when he was eighty-two years of age. The book will inevitably be read chiefly as a contribution to our knowledge of Tolstoy, but it is in itself a work of literature, and will be more and more appreciated for its own extraordinary merits of sincerity and the power to reproduce reality vividly and without exaggeration. If Tolstoy were unknown, this book would still have a permanent value as the autobiography of a woman of genius.

Although the differences between Tolstoy and his wife naturally became increasingly acute with each year

* The Tragedy of Tolstoy. By Countess Alexandra Tolstoy. Allen and Unwin. 15s.

of the fifty-two which they spent together, their marriage was a mistake from the first. The attraction of Tolstoy for his young bride consisted in his wealth, his title, and the fame as a writer which he had already attained in his early thirties. In her account of their honeymoon, there is no suggestion that she loved him. "A titled honeymoon couple," she writes, "arriving in a new *dormeuse* driven by six horses, naturally created a sensation. We were given a state apartment. . . . I crouched in a corner of a sofa and sat there silently, like one condemned to death." Tolstoy was both passionately and idealistically in love with his wife, and expected from his union with "a pure, unblemished, seventeen-year-old child," as the Countess retrospectively described herself, to be freed from his previous preoccupation with sex. As she did not return his love he found himself more entangled in desire than in any of his casual affairs with chorus girls and peasant women, and his fear of the claims and temptations of the world was therefore intensified by his marriage instead of being diminished. Had he married a woman of fine character, capable of understanding his search for something more satisfying than worldly success, he would not have become involved in the childish polemics of his later outbursts against Beethoven and Shakespeare. That his development would in any circumstances have led him away from art and literature is probable, but in assailing Shakespeare and Beethoven he was revenging his own unhappiness, not clearing away obstructions to his liberation from the world.

His unhappiness began as soon as he realized that his wife had no interests outside the satisfaction of her vanity, and that he, as her husband, was looked upon simply as an instrument to indulge her vanity and her desire to feel herself the centre of his life. A few months after their marriage, she wrote in her diary: "Being an egoist, it gives me satisfaction to torture him. I can't

find any occupation for myself. He is lucky to be so clever and talented."

Alexandra Tolstoy's record of the last twenty years of her father's life shows in the fullest detail what a wife, who is jealous of her husband's intellectual and spiritual resources, is capable of doing to revenge her own poverty of soul. Once, when there were some difficulties with the peasants on the Tolstoy estate, the Countess asked the authorities for a guard, and the guard was retained for two years, in order to make Tolstoy, the apostle of non-resistance, look ridiculous. "How do you expect me to be quiet?" he said to her, when she was defending the retention of this guard. "This is a veritable hell! You know that it would be impossible to create worse surroundings for me than you have done."

A year before his death, Tolstoy was invited to the World Congress of Peace at Stockholm, but his wife made so many scenes, saying that he wished to kill her, that if he loved her, he would not leave her, and so on, that at last he gave in. His health was collapsing under the strain of perpetual scenes of this kind, and he went to the Crimea to recover his strength. He had hardly arrived when his wife sent him telegrams, signed with any name but her own, telling him to return at once, as she was dying. He returned, and was greeted with hysterical threats of suicide.

The old man was extraordinarily patient with her, and tried repeatedly to reason her into sobriety, but as his submission served only to increase her sense of power, he could at last endure her persecution no longer, and left his home secretly at night, accompanied by Alexandra. He had no definite plans, and his weakness compelled him to leave the train at a place called Astapovo. He had been recognized during the journey, and correspondents from all over Russia made for Astapovo, where Tolstoy lay dying in the apartment of the station master. The Countess arrived in a special train, but the news of her arrival was kept from Tolstoy,

who was terrified of being tracked down by her. Alexandra, assisted by the station master and the doctors, held her mother at bay, and the Countess had to content herself with arranging with a photographer to snap her and Alexandra together, Alexandra having been lured into the street for this purpose. In the last minutes of Tolstoy's life, the Countess gained admission to his room, but he was unconscious and her cries did not disturb him as he passed from unconsciousness to death.

In her last years the Countess was mild and placable. "I really think I was insane," she often said of her treatment of her husband, and as she lay dying she said to Alexandra: "I know that I was the cause of your father's death. I repented deeply. But I loved him all my life long and I was always a faithful wife to him."

It is easy to understand why the object of this life-long devotion insisted so fiercely on the irreconcilable opposition between sexual love and the love which Christ preached.

HUGH KINGSMILL.

Three Good Stories

WONDER HERO. By J. B. PRIESTLEY. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)
ORDINARY FAMILIES. By E. ARNOT ROBERTSON. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)
THE FLOWERING THORN. By MARGERY SHARP. (Barker. 7s. 6d.)

MR. PRIESTLEY has three qualities which are the pre-requisites of the born story-teller. He has, first, a lively style, unmannered and yet authentically his own. Second, he has that shrewd eye for detail, which brings every scene in his stories within the comfortable scope of every reader's experience, and which is more important to the building-up of a story than imagination or intellectual power. And, third, he has that complete acceptance of and pleasure in the fallibility of men and women, without which no comment on life can be anything but spurious. These are the good qualities of all Mr. Priestley's novels, and they properly endear

him to all inveterate novel-readers. But a good story is not necessarily either a distinguished or an important piece of work, and "Wonder Hero" would be nothing more than a good story were it not for one chapter, called "This Other Eden."

The story is, briefly, an account of what happens to an unpretentious young artizan from the Midlands, who is suddenly puffed up to notoriety in London by a newspaper stunt, and then as suddenly dropped back to obscurity. It is lively and diverting, and when it comes to be filmed the continuity-writer will have little work to do. But the chapter called "This Other Eden" is something more than lively and diverting. It deals with an industrial town in which there is no more industry, and it is so fervently realized, so thoughtfully written, that it almost destroys the little story surrounding it. It does not make "Wonder Hero" an important book, but it perhaps marks an important development in Mr. Priestley as a writer.

"Wonder Hero" has been greeted as satire, but satire is impossible to-day, because our society has no point of view against which any other point of view can be held up to ridicule. The vice and follies of mankind can hardly be pilloried when there is no agreement as to what constitutes virtue and wisdom. Miss Arnot Robertson's work suffers from the fact that she constantly forgets this, for although she is a born novelist and had several good fairies around her cradle, she has the unfortunate defect of seeming to believe quite honestly that every literate person will share her own intellectual prejudices, the consequence being that what is sometimes a neat shot with a prettily-barbed wit is more often a neat shot with a boomerang. Miss Robertson's characters are, far more than Mr. Priestley's, alive and autonomous, but they divide sharply into people who get laughed at and likeable people who laugh at them, and when the laughter misses fire and cannot be shared by the reader, the latter is alienated and disenchanted.

Miss Robertson has, like Mr. Priestley and the author of "The Flowering Thorn," a compelling narrative style, and that eye for the essential detail which I said was more vital to a story than imagination. But Miss Robertson has imagination, too, and it is a pity that the poetic pattern which was apparently intended to underlie the events of "Ordinary Families," succeeds only in drifting about on the surface of the narrative. In the relationship between Lalage, who tells the story, and her sister Margaret, lies the whole *raison d'être* of the story, and yet that relationship is never realized artistically. Margaret herself never comes alive. Even if Lalage made her up, the purpose of that masochistic phantasy is never made clear. "Ordinary Families" amply justifies its existence as an amusing story, but we ask more than that from the author of "Three Came Unarmed" and "Four Frightened People."

"The Flowering Thorn" is not a first-class novel, because it is intellectually rather than imaginatively designed, but it is a very delightful book. Its story is that of a modern Cinderella, Lesley Frewen, whose mind and spirit went in rags so long as she led a rootless, irresponsible existence in a London flat. Miss Sharp, after a brief and deft sketch of what that existence was like, transplants her heroine to an ugly little cottage in the country, saddles her with responsibility in the form of an adopted child, and then devotes two hundred pages to showing her in the process of becoming a real person. Two hundred pages were enough to tell the story convincingly and with no false sentiment, but I would have welcomed twice as many, for Miss Sharp is unusually witty, with the kind of wit which arises from intelligent and sympathetic observation. She is also the first of our novelists to equip a "reactionary" point of view with all the modern literary conveniences. There will be an increasing number of them, for everyone is tired of living intellectually from hand to mouth, and meanwhile Miss Sharp gives us a charming example of

how exciting it is to re-discover the truth in a platitude. "The Flowering Thorn" contains no ideas, as such, but much experience, and for all its simplicity and precision is somehow an abundant story.

ELEANOR CARROLL CHILTON.

The Russian Trial

WRECKING ACTIVITIES IN THE SOVIET UNION. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. 10s. 6d.)

THIS is the official verbatim report of the recent sensational trial in Russia of the various employees of Metro-Vickers, which led to diplomatic intervention; and let it be said at once that the accuracy of the report is clearly beyond dispute. It is otherwise with the substance.

The charges against the six British engineers and their twelve Russian associates, namely, wilful wrecking of machinery, espionage and bribery, together with the verdict, are common knowledge. Now it is primâ facie presumable on a study of the public trial that the evidence against the whole party with one exception, as given in Court by each member, is more or less damning. But there are nevertheless two major, and various minor, flaws which definitely invalidate the whole proceedings. The first is that there was not produced any corroborative evidence of the kind which a British Court would require for a conviction; the second is that the depositions of the British (if not the Russians), even when written down and signed by themselves (there are facsimile photographs), are entirely worthless, having regard to the Third Degree methods by which they were extorted. There is the further general, but logically irrefutable, inference that no firm or its engineers could conceivably act deliberately against their own commercial interests, even at the bidding of some Intelligence Service, national or individual, by destroying their present and prejudicing their future orders, apart from the fact that no national, and probably no individual, Intelligence Service would have the necessary financial means at its disposal to make it worth the firm's while. All motives therefore for the alleged acts of sabotage are entirely lacking, and so the charges become *ipso facto* frivolous.

What then is the truth of the whole matter? There can be little doubt as to the answer, which is virtually given by the

Russians themselves, not only in the opening and concluding outbursts in the final speech of the Public Prosecutor, but in the bombastic and affected lucubrations of the so-called, but quite fictitious, Defence. Both are unadulterated Communist propaganda. "Our Court," says one of the lawyers, "heeds the voice of its Socialist legal conscience." To deduce therefore that the trial was staged for the outer world as propaganda, and for internal consumption as a means of covering up inefficiency and failure, is a perfectly legitimate judgment. What exactly had passed between the British and Russian engineers in the course of their dealings with one another must certainly remain to some extent obscure, and it is possible that even the former would find it difficult in normal conditions to record rationally and in detail their mutual relations spreading over several years. But, even though—and be it said to the credit of the Communist regime—formal corruption in Russia has been largely suppressed, there still remains a hiatus between the ordinary Oriental and Western standards of living and doing business. The Soviet lawyers devoted much time to emphasizing the distinction between proletarian and capitalist morals, but they omitted the obvious qualification that morals, whether proletarian or capitalist, are largely temperamental and generally flexible in practice. Acts of easy-going charity, such as passing on an old fur coat at a nominal price to a poor devil in need, may be easily translated into bribery, and a naïve trust in other people is a quality that is sometimes admirable, but constantly dangerous. If anything incorrect is to be imputed to our fellow-countrymen in this affair, it lies undoubtedly somewhere along these lines, and the light sentences which they received may be regarded as a proof that their judges were well aware of the real point of the trial. Neither voluntary leniency nor subservience to the foreigner, except where there is a danger of actual war, are characteristics of the Soviets.

J. D. GREGORY.

Out of the Deep

OUT OF THE DEEP. By GEOFFREY BLES. (2s. 6d. net.)

THIS collection of letters from Soviet timber camps makes terrible reading, so terrible that the thrill of horror occasioned by the first few pages soon gives way to a wave of pity that submerges all other emotions. Mr. Walpole's statement in his introduction that "they must surely touch some readers very

deeply and make others, I hope, a little uncomfortable," seems distinctly mild. Those (presumably sympathizers with Communism) who only feel " a little uncomfortable " are not to be envied. Doubtless, to safeguard their vanity, they will take refuge in a partial or total denial of the authenticity of the letters. It will not do. Quite apart from Sir Bernard Pares's guarantee and the publisher's promise to produce, if necessary, the originals, these letters have their genuineness stamped on every line. No literary man, not even a literary man of the extreme left, could fail for one moment to detect the ring of sincerity, uncounterfeitable, vibrating with the tone typical of the naïve mentality of the peasant writers.

For it must not be forgotten that these victims of the Five Year Plan are peasants, not middle-class people, who might have achieved, at the most, the ownership of the Russian equivalent of Gladstone's " three acres and a cow," a degree of property intolerable, it seems, to the Communist. Now it so happens that during a certain period of the war the present writer was thrown into close relationship with prisoners of war belonging to this class. He is therefore familiar with what may be called " prisoner psychology," more sceptical than the average person of a certain kind of complaint with regard to the dishonesty or cruelty of commandants, bad food, sickness and so on. Moreover, in reading the description of conditions portrayed in these letters it is only fair to remember the incredibly low standard of living that has always prevailed among the peasantry in Russia.

Nevertheless, even after these factors are liberally discounted, there remains a picture of privation and horror that haunts one. These incidental references to frozen feet, the appeals for sugar and any kind of fat—how familiar that sounds to those who remember 1917–18 !—the complaints of children swollen owing to starvation, positively wring the heart. The system of punishment by further starvation of people already so underfed as to be unable to accomplish " the norm " of work allotted to them is so ingenious that it may be recommended to the notice of Shaw and other theoretical admirers of Soviet civilization. It seems to have worked admirably, for Mr. Walpole tells us that the Commissioner of Labour himself admitted that the average mortality in the camps had fluctuated between 60 and 70 per cent. In other words the Soviets had disposed of some three millions of their opponents out of five millions ! What about capitalist efficiency now !

FRANCIS TOYE.

Queen Victoria and Gladstone

THE QUEEN AND MR. GLADSTONE, 1845–79. By PHILIP GUEDALLA. (Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.)

ONE-FIFTH of this book is an essay on the personal relations between Victoria and the Prime Minister whom, in later days, she so cordially disliked, and the remaining four-fifths a selection from the correspondence that passed between them during the years indicated in the title, now made available for publication by the Gladstone Trustees. Duplicates of the same correspondence were, of course, in the hands of Mr. Buckle when he edited Queen Victoria's letters, and he published most of the best of them, but not all. Mr. Guedalla amplifies though he does not, in essentials, alter the picture presented by Mr. Buckle and also thirty years ago by Morley in his "Life of Gladstone."

Mr. Guedalla's essay opens with an elaborate and curiously inappropriate simile. The ship of time bears us out to sea; the Victorian coast-line recedes, and the mountain tops, invisible from the harbour we have left, assume their true proportions. If the theme were the posthumous fame of two once neglected geniuses this would be all very well, but Mount Victoria and Mount Gladstone, as Mr. Guedalla cheerfully admits, were anything but invisible to those who lived under their bases. But let that pass. Most of the essay is a skilful exploration of the question when and why the Queen began to dislike her Prime Minister. For she had certainly liked him in the days when Gladstone was the favourite disciple of Peel, and Peel was the favourite statesman of Prince Albert. Indeed, she seemed to like him well enough when he first became Prime Minister in 1868; but she was glad to be rid of him in 1874. What had happened in that interval?

The answer seems to be that Gladstone, aware of the growth of republican sentiment and urged on to his difficult duty by the Queen's own private secretary, devoted himself with more pertinacity than tact to pressing upon his sovereign two closely allied problems which she found exceedingly distasteful—all the more distasteful perhaps because her "unconscious" (if she had one!) may have told her that Gladstone was right and she was wrong. These problems were her own employment, and the employment of the Prince of Wales. Since the death of Prince Albert the Queen had abandoned nearly all her own public duties, and though the Prince of Wales was in 1868 approaching his thirtieth year, he was still rigidly excluded from all share in

public business. Gladstone charged, and charged again, and failed.

"The whole business," he wrote to Ponsonby, "is one of the most deplorable I have ever known . . . I do not for a moment doubt the reality of the consequences which are due to so truly wretched a cause. Upon the whole I think it has been the most sickening piece of experience which I have had during near forty years of public life. Worse things may easily be imagined; but smaller and meaner cause for the decay of thrones cannot be conceived."

Where Gladstone failed Disraeli, within certain limits, succeeded. Ultimately, Victoria solved her own problem by growing very old and holding two jubilees. Of course, that did not solve the Prince of Wales's problem. He had to wait—and play baccarat.

D. C. SOMERVELL.

Manchouquo

MANCHOUQUO: CHILD OF CONFLICT. By K. K. KAWAKAMI. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.)

MR. KAWAKAMI (Washington correspondent of the *Hochi Shimbun* of Tokyo) discusses in this volume the most recent phases of Japan's relations with China and of the Manchurian controversy, thus completing the survey begun in his "Japan Speaks on the Sino-Japanese Crisis," which was published a year ago. He explains in his preface that his present purpose is to emphasize the human factors of the problem, rather than the question of texts and treaties, and to explain the nature and origins of these factors by reference to their historic background. It is in the nature of things that he should stoutly defend the position assumed by the Japanese Government at Geneva, both before and after the deliberations of the League on the Lytton Commission's Report. To some extent, therefore, his work is special pleading; nevertheless, as a whole, it is interesting and useful, because he is much more concerned with the actual position and prospects of the new Manchurian State, than with speculations as to what might, or should, have happened if the League had had its way. He finds ample justification for Japan's support of Manchurian independence in the Lytton Commission's admission that, inasmuch as the conditions which it recommended

for the settlement of the dispute "could not be fulfilled without a strong Central Government in China, the final requisite for a satisfactory solution is temporary international co-operation in the internal reconstruction of that country." All the causes of friction, which eventually led to hostilities, he attributes to the fact that the League saw fit to ignore this simple truth, of which Japan, as China's nearest neighbour, had been painfully aware for more than twenty years. Moreover, he lays stress on the undeniable fact, which British Chambers of Commerce have generally overlooked, that "the Powers at Geneva, by taking a suicidal attitude of encouraging Chinese boycotts (which, except in rare instances, are not motivated by patriotism, but are a downright scheme of blackmail), have virtually invited Japan to make incursions into their own markets."

Mr. Kawakami supplies a very interesting analysis of the causes which combined to make the Japanese army increasingly apprehensive and impatient of Baron Shidehara's "Liberal" policy of disarmament at home and patient conciliation abroad, and which finally culminated in the revolt of the military, or Satsuma, caste against the professional politicians.

J. O. P. BLAND.

Ausonius

AUSONIUS. THE MOSELLA. Translated into English Verse by E. H. BLAKENEY, who has added an Introductory Note and a Commentary upon the Text. (Eyre & Spottiswoode. 16s.)

THE editor of this attractive volume has made classical scholars and students still more his debtors. It contains the text of Ausonius's masterpiece, with an English verse translation facing the Latin, and an introduction and notes. "The Mosella," if not exactly a great poem, is very interesting as evincing the fourth century poet's "romantic feeling for natural beauty" (to quote from Dr. Mackail's Foreword), as also his intense love for his native Bordeaux and for the whole land of France, whose rivers he celebrates. Mr. Blakeney's blank verse rendering gives an excellent idea of the original; if an occasional word —e.g. "fire" for *vigor* (the life-force of a fish) in line 261—is not entirely happy, the translation, as a whole, is both faithful and spirited and can be read with pleasure for its own sake. The book is one that commends itself to connoisseurs of fish

and wine, as well as to all lovers of poetry and the music of running water.

Among the lost works of Keats, there must surely be a fine sonnet "On First Looking into Lemprière": He it was who said of Decimus Magnus Ausonius, the fourth century Latin poet of Bordeaux, tutor to Gratian, a son of the emperor Valentinus, that "he has attempted upon the words of Virgil what revolts every thing against his indelicacy." No such murmur can be raised against this translation of the "Mosella" of Ausonius. Since English is for Englishmen, anyone with an ear can judge a translation; a construe is diet for parsers, perhaps. "The Mosella" is a pleasant pastoral poem, not too long, celebrating the river that still gives its name to delightful wines: the stream Drahonus, mentioned by the poet, still gives us, for example, Dhroner Auslese (which we were drinking when the book arrived). Ausonius himself is further immortalized by his vineyard, which still yields a famous claret, Château Ausone, first of the Grands Crûs of the commune of St. Émilion: the one fact mysteriously missing from this book. Mr. Blakeney must have taken it for granted. The poem is for anglers, for diners, and its list of freshwater-fish reminds us of the plenteous choice of the French markets and restaurants whereas freshwater-fish, trout excepted, are ignored over here. Despite the loss of one foot a line, the translator has only extended the poem by one fifth in English. That is a test. Blank verse gives the dignity, without the pulse, of the Latin hexameter, whose nearest English equivalent (since the anapæsts of William Morris are too fast) is, we think, the loose alexandrine of Robert Bridges. The Tacitean tightness of Latin is uncapturable in English idiom, except in places. There are good lines here: rhetorical, and close: "The gilded splendour of a bull-like brow"; "a host knows naught of envy . . ."; and, boldest of all:

> "lauding their merit famoused through the world.
> Soft lays of delicate texture shall for me
> The Muses spin . . ."

The Commentary and Notes are alluring for the garden-Latinist, and, since the poem was translated for him, what grammarian will be rude enough to carp at it? Altogether, a charming affair; in the original, and in this version, evoking its heir: the "fecunda quies" of a Palladian house in the eighteenth century.

OSBERT BURDETT.

Evolution

THE THEOLOGY OF EVOLUTION. By RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE. (Unicorn Press. 18s. net.)

THE Darwinian view of evolution or transformism, being mechanistic, found a most favourable environment in England in an age flushed with the material triumphs of mechanical discovery and development. It was so successful that the problem of the origin of species was considered solved and the experimental study of inheritance was practically abandoned in this country. Abroad, where it could be considered more calmly and objectively, Darwinism was more critically received. But foreign criticism, however authoritative, was slow to gain a hearing. Many clergy and laity, scientifically ignorant, and not a few scientists, have been frightened into a blind faith in Darwinism, fearful of the materialists' and " progressives' " guffaws of ridicule, which deafened them to the scientific criticism abroad. That criticism has increased in strength, and bold spirits at home have begun to express their doubts of the dogmas of Darwinians. To a few reactionaries, like Mr. Wells, bound to the scientific dogmas of their schooldays, Darwinism is still *de fide*; a few more able scientifically, like Professor J. B. S. Haldane, cling loyally to Darwinism, though of necessity a Darwinism mutilated out of all recognition. But the criticism of Darwinism, whether we agree with it or not, has become too loud and authoritative to be ignored. So much so that the reaction bids fair to be unjust to Darwin's real genius.

Agnosticism, materialism, and monism, bedfellows of Darwinism, appear to be going out of fashion. The reaction against them converges from every field of scientific and intellectual activity. Dr. Macfie's book is a typical example of this reaction. It gives a comprehensive survey of the case against Darwinian evolution, the attempts to buttress it, and its resultant agnosticism and materialism. It is scholarly, well-informed, and balanced. It deals trenchantly with the evidence from fossil records, recapitulation and vestigia, serological and anatomical homologies, adduced in favour of Darwinism. Dr. Macfie's writing has the fine lucidity and firm tread that comes of a thorough familiarity with his subject and much outside it. It is incisive and seasoned with restrained wit and epigram. Therefore, though solid, it possesses a certain lightness despite its unavoidable burden of technical matter.

An uncommonly able and stimulating book. Misprints rather too many, exact references rather too few, index inadequate.

G. C. HESELTINE.

Cobbett

THE PROGRESS OF A PLOUGHBOY TO A SEAT IN PARLIAMENT. As exemplified in the History of the Life of William Cobbett. (Faber. 7s. 6d.)

WILLIAM COBBETT never wrote an official autobiography with a beginning, a middle, and an end. But he inserted innumerable autobiographies into every book he wrote. Gathering all these fascinating odds and ends together, Mr. William Reitzel has skilfully made a straight line from the cradle to the grave. It was well worth doing for there is no more interesting Nineteenth Century writer than Cobbett. The difficulty of the Editor has been in what to leave out. For instance, in his "Advice to Young Men" Cobbett tells in detail the story of how he nearly married a girl in America instead of the girl he was betrothed to at home. It is movingly and beautifully told. He says that "to describe this parting would be too painful even at this distant day, and with this frost of age upon my head." But Mr. Reitzel has only given one of his short accounts of it.

The remarkable thing about Cobbett personally is that in spite of his extraordinary conceit—quite unequalled in our literature and paraded without a trace of humour—he does not offend us by it for one instant. For he was a good man and was merely proud of the qualities that made him good. His place in English Literature is high, for though his style is without resource it is the most lucid in the language, not excepting Bernard Shaw's. His place in History is paradoxical. He was a Rebel, but was more conservative than any of his foes. He hated Revolution of any sort, whether Agricultural, Industrial, or Proletarian. He hated movement. His talent, his genius lay in *exposing abuses*. He did this so well that he was put in prison and made into at least half a martyr . . . But there is really only one thing for a reviewer to say about Cobbett and that is—Read him, and enjoy yourself, and bathe in the sunshine of his *energy*. J. S. COLLIS.

Cloud Cuckoo

THE CHRISTIAN RENAISSANCE. By G. WILSON KNIGHT. (Macmillan. 12s. 6d. net.)

MR. WILSON KNIGHT has a delicate and subtle brain but no sense of reality. He appears to live entirely in his head, and to be shut off from that absorption of life with the whole of one's nature which must precede criticism, if the criticism is to be of

any value and not merely an ingenious pastime. His Christian Renaissance is simply a more complicated variant of the cottage pie of Shakespeare, Christ, Keats, Hardy, Tchehov and, intermittently, D. H. Lawrence, with which Middleton Murry used to astonish his earnest disciples in the provinces. But Murry has always mixed good sense with mystification. He has kept himself unobtrusively in touch with reality. Mr. Knight altogether lacks his master's prudence. He is not an occasional visitor to Cloud Cuckoo Land, he is permanently domesticated there. "Love" he writes, "passionate love, is Keats' Gospel at the last. Like Jesus, he not only writes, but lives for his Gospel, perhaps also dies for it." After this one reads without surprise that Theseus, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," is "a Christ-figure, possesses the Christ harmony."

Mr. Knight is fond of cinemas. "Is it not right that the masses, of varying culture, should take pleasure in seeing youth, virtue, and beauty continually triumphant over middle age, ugliness, and evil?" he asks; and elsewhere he writes that it is ultimately fatal to distinguish finally between the life-blood beating in "Wuthering Heights" and "The Rosary."

Mr. Knight says that his book has "a prophetic validity and significance." His megalomania is so ingenuous as to rob it of offence. There is really nothing to say about Mr. Knight except what Wordsworth said about Ruth—"An innocent life, yet far astray!"

HUGH KINGSMILL.